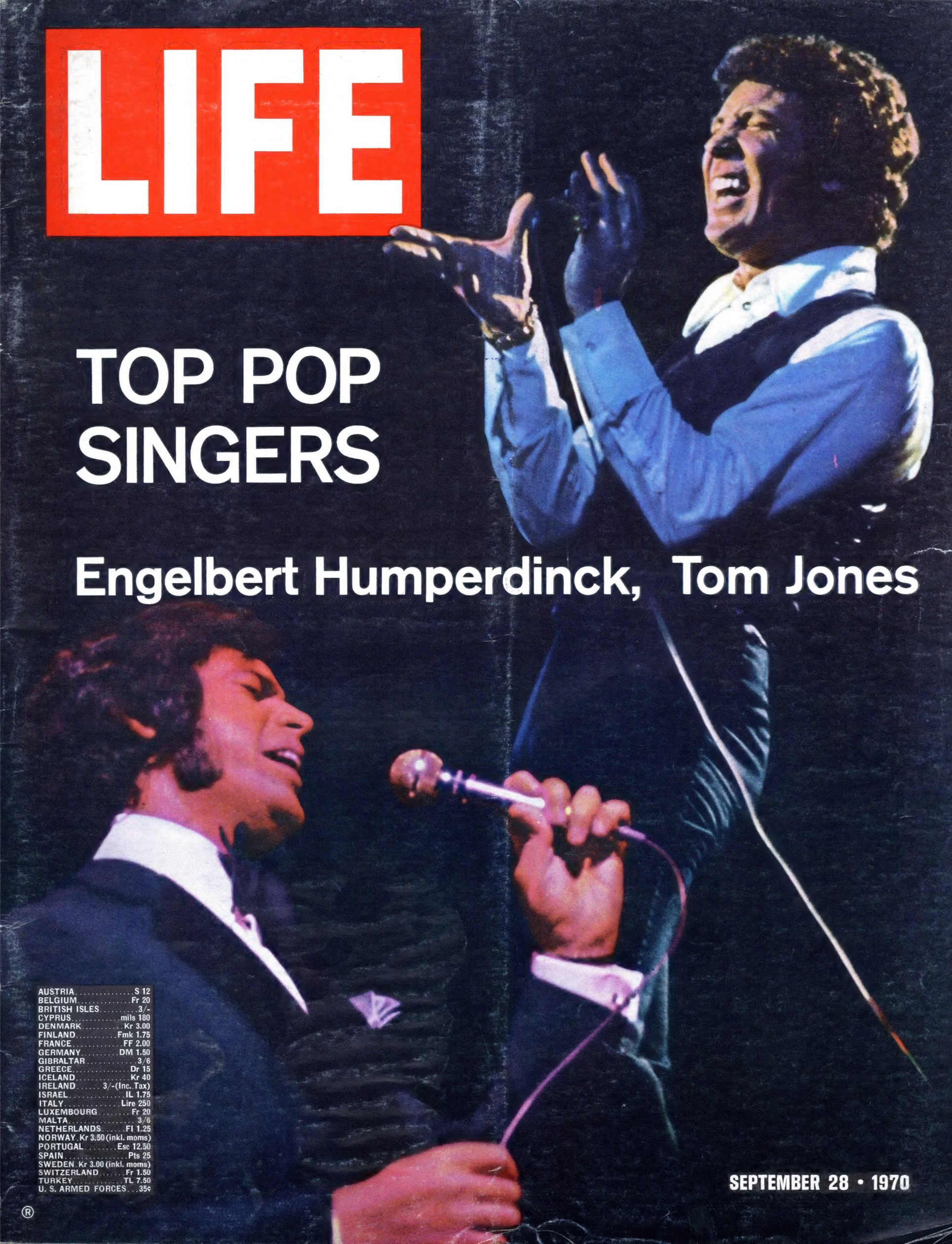
LIFE

TOP POP SINGERS

Engelbert Humperdinck, Tom Jones



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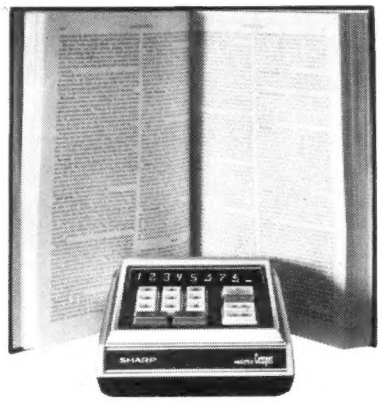

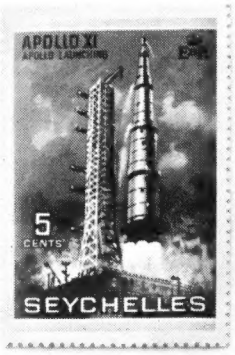

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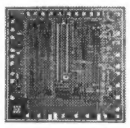

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Photo by Ikko Narahara. SPOTMATIC with Super-Takumar 50mm f/1.4. 1/60 sec. at f/5.6

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LIFE

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SEPT. 28, 1970
VOL. 49 NO. 7

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Mark Kauffman

Our cover story was inspired (naturally enough considering its subjects) by a woman's curiosity. Mrs. Mark Kauffman had admired British singer Engelbert Humperdinck on television and wanted to know more about him. She suggested a story on Humperdinck to her photographer husband, who in turn brought the idea to Entertainment Editor Richard Meryman. Using his editor's prerogative, Meryman assigned Kauffman: to photograph not Humperdinck but Tom Jones, whom Meryman considered a better singer.

As he began shooting Jones in Las Vegas, Kauffman soon found out (from his wife, incidentally) that Gordon Mills managed both Jones and Humperdinck. Therein, all decided, lay the real story. After three months' shooting and listening, Kauffman wrapped up the story and reported his judgment of the three men: "Humperdinck's voice is smoother, Jones's sexier, but as a person Mills is by far the most interesting."

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Philip Kunhardt

Philip Kunhardt's book, excerpted in this issue, was conceived during the heightened perception of past and present coming with the ordeal of his heart attack, six years after his father died of just such an attack. Phil has recovered and is again working as an assistant managing editor of LIFE. The other day he recalled that his mother once told him: "Everything you've said or done makes a difference on other people's lives, so that long after death you live in the world in a different form."

"That is what the book is about," says Phil, "along with crunching gravel at the end of a long day and golden weekends. . . . It is about a child's world and finally having to leave it. . . . It is a book written to a father, from a son, with love."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Comment on LIFE's Special Issue concerning the Environment

THE ISSUE

Sirs: In perusing your very fine issue of August 3rd on pollution, I wish to extend my congratulations on an exceedingly important message very succinctly put across.

We in UNESCO are currently putting together a colored slide set on the Biosphere, much of which will be dedicated to the problems of pollution and your issue has been of great value as a reference source.

RENE MORRELL
Chief, Photographic Service
Radio & Visual Information Division
UNESCO
Paris, France

Sirs: The U.S. shouldn't take the privilege of being sole polluter in the Western world. That is the impression one gets after having read your special issue on the environment.

In Finland we have the problem of too slow a growth of our woods. In order to keep production of wood products going, it has become imperative to start cutting excessive amounts of trees in Lapland, where regrowth is especially slow. Where a tree in southern Finland grows in 40 years, it may take up to 100 years for it to grow to full size in Lapland. That is, if young plants take root at all.

I'm happy to note that the initiative taken by private persons has led to positive results in conserving nature. The question is, when do actions taken by the government start giving similar results, as described in the latter part of your issue?

ROBERT PAUL
Helsinki, Finland

Sirs: I would hasten to thank you profusely for striking a blow against the curse of worldwide pollution, by bringing out a special issue on "Environment." As an author-teacher-librarian, who has consistently campaigned against this shocking state of affairs for well over a decade, I was particularly impressed by your photograph of the Brooklyn-Queens connecting highway in New York City. "Ah, all is not lost!" I said to myself, seeing that your engineers (may their tribe increase!) have assigned the uppermost tier and pride of place to human beings, to sit back and relax and meditate upon the follies of mankind, while the monstrous motor cars, like growling robots, rush past them but only at a *lower* level. On the other hand, in most European countries the powerful, idle rich would have used their evil influence to put machines before man, and persuaded the builders to construct highways on the top level, thus forcing the helpless city dwellers to choke and groan at a lower level! *Homo sapiens*, indeed!

CHARLES A. ISAAC
London, England

Sirs: Thank you for your detailed and carefully considered special issue. However, I must say that I found it rather pathetic to read of so much being opined as to what should and should not be done, yet there was a mere handful of dedicated conservationists to illustrate positive action being taken to combat this malady created by man against himself.

Your article by Max Ways contains much substance but no solution, apart from high-flying ideas. What is essential for Man's survival in this age is not an aura of appeal to his common sense but firm and if necessary dictatorial measures. Man on his own is too weak and selfish a creature to take heed of his own foolhardiness, until it is too late—and then he inevitably blames everyone but himself.

I wish to be constructive in my approach and suggest the following priorities:

1. Legislation forcing automobile manufacturers to develop taxis for use in large cities which are not powered by internal combustion engines.
2. Restrict all heavy goods vehicles to off-peak periods within city precincts.
3. Immediate development and construction of nuclear power stations outside of city precincts.
4. In recognition of the fact that all the above will cost money, why not accept the fact that the United States has achieved everything and nothing by Man walking on the moon at well over $1,000,000 per step and devote a part of that kind of money towards his survival on earth. We know that the moon's atmosphere is totally inadequate for survival and ours here on earth is likely to be the same if something is not done—yesterday!

E. J. GREENWOOD
Worcester Park, Surrey, England

Sirs: It seems somewhat ironical that many recent LIFE front covers and main features have dealt with the growing concern for the causes of conservation and anti-pollution, while the back covers have invariably carried a handsome advertisement by a major tobacco company.

Maybe the moral issue here is whether pollution is a greater evil than censorship.

TIM SHARDLOW
Sidmouth, England

Sirs: People who smoke like chimneys, do they have anything to say concerning SMOG!

Let us hear what they have to say!

A. K. DHAMOON
Copenhagen, Denmark

Sirs: I believe that this issue collectively is the most important document that has come the way of the general reader on this subject, and the most frightening.

If something is not done by *all* people of good will who value the heritage of clean air, a healthy and normal countryside, waterside and animal life, together with unpoisoned food and without additives of varying degrees of toxic substances which may or may not be harmful over long periods, certainly mankind as we know it will disappear.

What can be done? Because it is certain that we must fight pollution wherever it appears, and in whatever form. Regrets and shoulder-shrugging are not enough!

Would it be possible to form an environmental anti-pollution society open to all, for certainly this needs general public action and support, as well as scientists, ecologists and conservationists —lamentably few.

You are good enough to say that Great Britain has a good anti-pollution record, but we are learning fast!

D. CAMPBELL JOHNSON
Wembley, England

THREATENED AMERICA

Sirs: I was very happy to read your special issue on the environment. We cannot put enough effort into opening people's eyes and minds to the problems of our polluted and poisoned environment that long ago was so beautiful and that could be beautiful still.

I was glad you included articles of diverse opinion, because they stimulate thinking. I was very sad about the article by Mr. Paul O'Neil ("Kill that Hill! Pave that grass!"), because it made clear to me again that there really are people who think that way. Mr. O'Neil is correct: "Our kids won't know the difference," but mainly because most of them won't have a chance to survive if we go on exploiting our resources.

MARTY E. WEITSCH
Heidenheim, West Germany

Sirs: The problem of traffic congestion ruining the environment is obviously one which will be experienced in all large cities in the very near future, and what has already happened in America ought to serve as an awful warning. Here in the United Kingdom, with our very much smaller area, the consequences promise to be even more serious unless remedial action is taken in good time.

It is easy to understand the attraction of owning one's own vehicle with its higher standard of comfort and much greater convenience, offering as it does unlimited choice of departure time and conveyance from door to door —always assuming, of course, that parking is available near one's destination. How, then, in a democratic society can representatives of the public be expected to take sufficiently courageous action to prevent the destruction of our cities and the pollution of our atmosphere, knowing as they do that the majority of voters do not wish to have any restrictions placed on the free use of private cars? Operators of public transport are in the situation where passengers are constantly being lost, and their finances are squeezed on the one hand by a falling market and on the other hand by rapid inflation of wages and other prices. If they attempt to balance their books by increasing fares, the loss of passengers is accelerated, and the more they economize by cutting back on the replacement of obsolete vehicles the less attractive their services become, and the more likely it is that anyone with freedom to choose will make his own arrangements to travel to work or into town for shopping and entertainment.

What seems to be needed is a widespread recognition that as it is the health, comfort and general living standards of the community that are threatened, all developed countries will sooner or later have to make substantial contributions from public funds toward the cost of running public transport. Open-ended subsidies are sure to be objected to on many grounds, but would it not be possible to devise some form of grant aid which, like the governor on a steam engine, would automatically regulate the pressure within the system? There are many alternative forms of grant which could be related to the growth in the development of private travel by car, *e.g.*, petrol sales or road licenses are two which immediately come to mind. If an increase in the volume of private traffic automatically generated an increase in the grant towards public transport, this would enable transport operators to improve their services, perhaps even to reduce their fares and attract back some former passengers. If, on the other hand, this development went too far in the opposite direction and private transport suffered a recession, then the grants to public authorities would automatically fall.

J. BROOKSBANK
B. Sc. Econ., F.I.M.T.A., A.A.C.C.A.
Director of Finance & Administration,
Merseyside Passenger
Transport Executive
Liverpool, England

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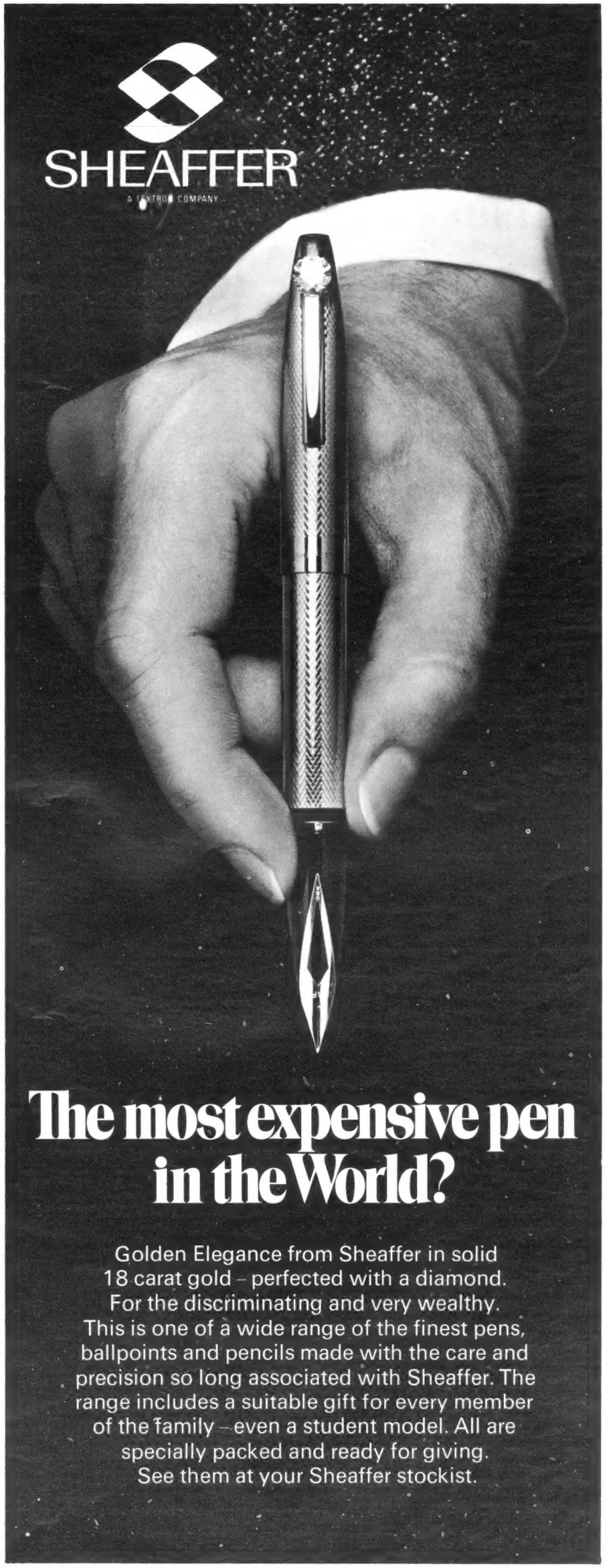

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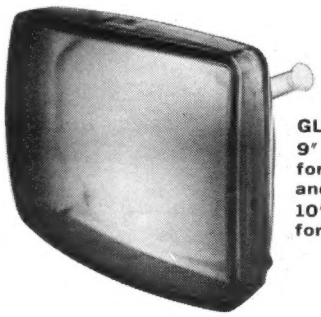

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LIFE COMMENT

Just Call Me 'Duke'

LONDON

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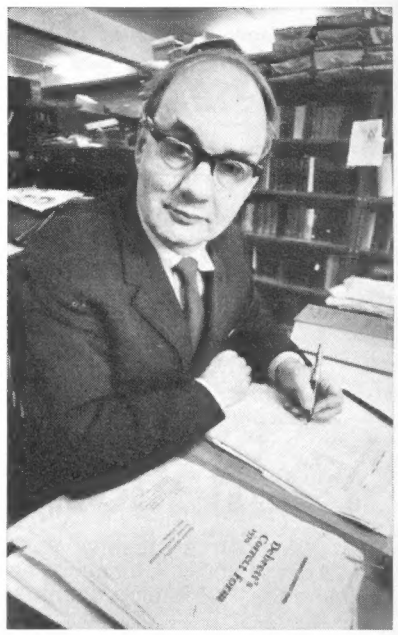
Not a moment too soon. For, as Debrett points out, "With an ever-increasing number of individuals and companies coming into contact with holders of titles and/or important offices, knowing the correct form is an essential social and business grace. Many an important function or meeting has been marred by an embarrassing faux pas that could easily have been avoided."

Indeed. Think of the hostess who might have put Prince Philip on her right and the Lord Mayor of London on her left, not knowing that Lords Mayor, in their municipalities, take precedence over everyone except the sovereign. Or the gauche toastmaster who, after the cheese, the port and the coffee, lifts his glass and says, "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the Queen." There is no preamble, Debrett points out, to the royal toast. And as for that "Ma'am" business in verbal address, watch out, warns Debrett: " 'Your Majesty' for the first time. Subsequently 'Ma'am.' This should always rhyme with pam. Pronunciation to rhyme with palm is never used, nor has this been so for some generations, if ever."

In writing the Queen, one begins his letter: "Madam, with my humble duty" and closes it with a "I have the honor to remain, Madam, Your Majesty's most humble and obedient servant." Age has not softened this stern requirement as regards the sovereign, but with lesser royalty, dukes and suchlike, Debrett concedes that times have changed. In correspondence with royalty, "the phrase 'His (Her) Royal Highness' should be substituted for 'he (she)', but as far as possible these formal descriptions should not pepper the letter as was done in the past." With dukes, "His Grace" should, in formal address, precede the name on the envelope and a formal letter should still begin, "My Lord Duke." But "Dear Duke" will now do in social correspondence, and for those who don't normally move in ducal circles, Debrett allows that " 'Dear Duke of Hamilton' may be used if the acquaintanceship is slight."



Patrick Montague-Smith examines galleys of his new book, Correct Form.

Be sure of your duke, however: "A few dukes prefer to be styled 'His Grace' even in social correspondence." And take care too with divorced wives of dukes. "If a marriage to a duke has been dissolved," as Debrett delicately puts it, the lady can continue to call herself a duchess but "the continuance of her title henceforth is regarded as a name rather than the retention of the attributes and status of the wife of a peer. Accordingly she is not entitled to the prefix of 'Her Grace.' "

As Patrick Montague-Smith, editor for the past eight years of *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage*—and author of the forthcoming *Debrett's Correct Form*—writes in the 1970 edition of the *Peerage*. "It is often said that the British system of titles is the most complicated in the world, and this is probably true." But the problems do not end at hereditary boundaries. At lower levels, where dwell life peers, knights, clerics, honorables, esquires and plain misters, usage is equally complex. Having tapped all authoritative sources, from the Lord Chamberlain to the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, various embassies and protocol chiefs, from the Church of England to the Salvation Army, Mon-

tague-Smith has come up with as complete a guide as protocol-conscious Britons are likely ever to see.

For men, Debrett decrees, always a "Mr." or an "Esq." on a letter, never an unadorned name: "John Brown is considered impolite, except for schoolboys." At Eton and some other exclusive schools, however, even boys are often addressed as Esquire. Between Mister and Esquire, "it is for the writer to decide" but the latter is now "customary for most walks of life" throughout Great Britain and Ireland. On the American East Coast, "Esq." denotes attorney-at-law; in the Department of State, it is appended to names of foreign service officers serving abroad. With ambassadors accredited to the United Kingdom, "Esquire" cannot be used following "His Excellency." Neither "Esquire" nor "Honorable" is correct on private invitations; "Mister" should invariably be used.

Nor should an Englishman with *Debrett's Correct Form* on his writing desk fear entrapment in foreign nomenclature, even north of the Scottish border where a clansman sitting down to pen a note to the head of his clan should start off "Dear Chief." Maltese nobility are all addressed "The Most Noble" followed by title. Only the ignorant would write to Juliana as "The Queen of Holland" instead of The Netherlands, but readers will be thankful to know that if an ambassador is a "His Royal Highness" or "His Serene Highness," then "His Excellency" is unnecessary. "The titles of Earl, Lord, Lady and Sir are exclusively British and cannot be used by foreign nobles." But one French title is still recognized by the British crown: The Barony de Longeüil in Quebec, created in 1700 by Louis XIV. "Mr." will do for ordinary citizens of Asian countries, Algeria, Morocco and Egypt. "Monsieur" is permissible everywhere in Europe including the U.S.S.R. but not in Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain or Portugal. Unmarried women are addressed as "Senhora" in Portugal, but in Portuguese-speaking Brazil, use "Senhorita." Avoid "Professor" in the U.S.: it is usually regarded as old-fashioned.

Informality, Debrett notes, is affecting ecclesiastics as well as dukes. "My Lord Archbishop," used in the Church of England until 1968, has given way to "Dear Archbishop," and parishioners can sign off with a simple "Yours sincerely." "Dear Archdeacon" will do in place of the "Venerable Sir" also required previously. Rabbis serving in the armed services are tagged: "The Reverend David Blank, R.A.F. Chaplin (Jewish)." "My Lord" is not officially recognized for Catholic bishops in the U.K., but can be used in correspondence. A female diocesan chancellor (Britain's first one was appointed this year) is addressed in court as "Worshipful Madam." Warns Debrett: "*Not* 'Your Worship.' "

In fact, armed with *Debrett's Correct Form* you should be able to handle any situation that arises. In trouble with the law? Keep in mind, in writing the police commissioner, to put "Esq." after his name and follow it with his decorations. Hoping to get into Oxford? Remember that the executive head of the university, the Vice-Chancellor, is addressed as "The Rev. The Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford," irrespective of whether he is in holy orders. If your firm is opening a branch in the provinces and you've invited the local dignitaries, don't forget to include the lord lieutenant of the county: he represents the Queen. If your wife is nagging you for closer proximity to the Queen at the horse races, wait until you see the notice in the *Times* or the *Daily Telegraph* that the Ascot office is in function, then write: "Captain John Francis presents his compliments to Her Majesty's representative the Duke of Norfolk and wishes to apply for vouchers for the royal enclosure for his wife." On your personal visiting card, list your address, your clubs, but never your telephone number. If you are having any of the royal family to dinner, send your seating plan to the private secretary. If you're having the Queen, send it to the palace. *Debrett's Correct Form* will even save you from mispronouncing Viscount Hereford's family name, which is Devereux. "Deverooks" is what you should say. "Deveroo" is for other Devereux. You'll know, of course —everyone does—that Cholmondeley is pronounced "Chumley" but you'll be one up when you can assert, on Debrett's authority, that there is no record that the name Featherstonhaugh "is pronounced 'Fanshaw' as is popularly believed." And if someone at your club remarks, "I say, isn't that fellow over there askew," you won't look around for old Jenkins who's been too long on the pink gins, but rather that man who spells his name Ayscough.

by Curtis Prendergast

Time-Life Bureau Chief, London

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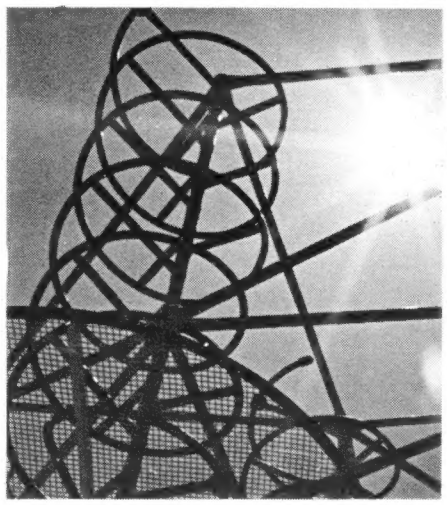

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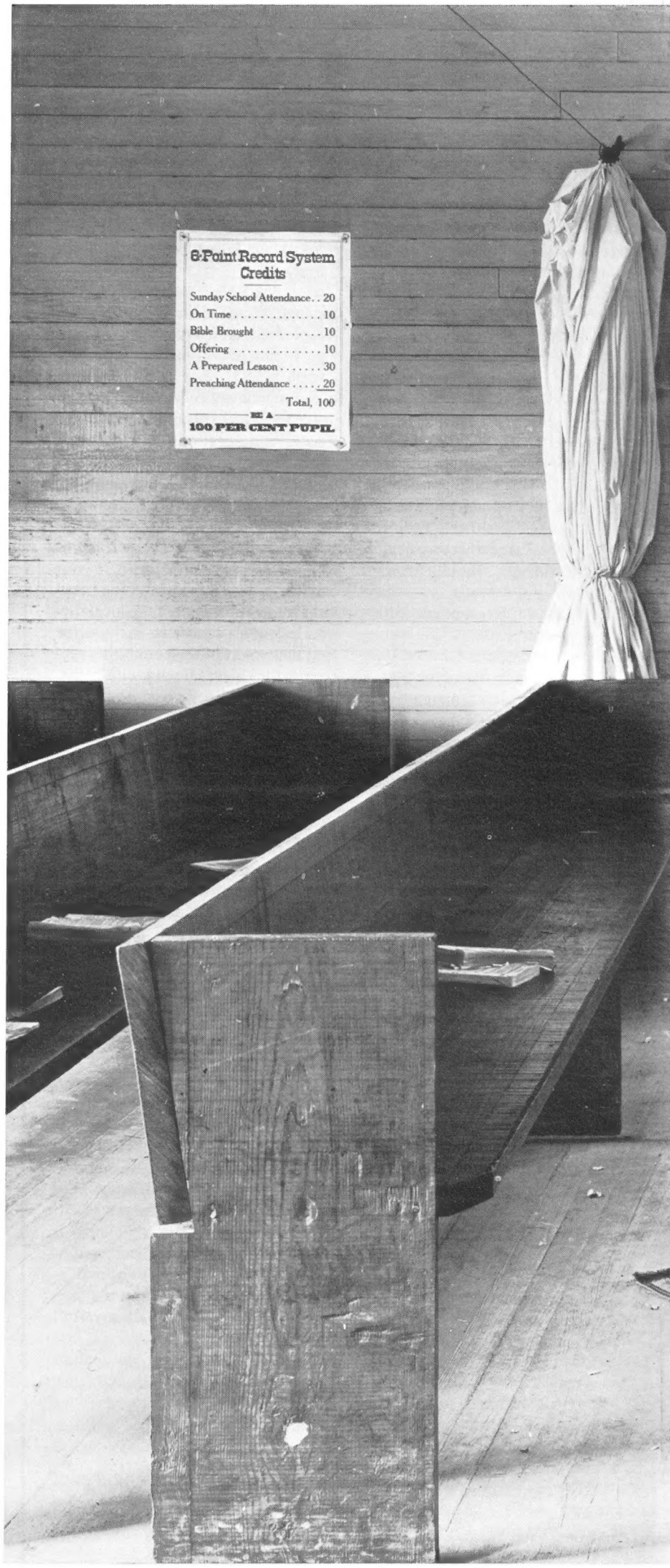
GALLERY

For more than 30 years Walker Evans has photographed the humbler parts of America with simple elegance. His pictures, like these from his book *Message from the Interior* (Eakins Press), are always staunch and clear-eyed and more often than not gently flavored with a feeling for the past. Next January, New York's Museum of Modern Art will hold a major retrospective of Evans' photographs.



The Church Organ, Rural Alabama, 1936

The Parlor Chairs, Oldwick, New Jersey, 1958

Upstairs Room, Walpole, Maine, 1962

LIFE COMMENT

Whatever became of the family movie?

The ads announced the movie's rating as "GP" and helpfully translated the symbols: "All ages admitted—parental guidance suggested." Well, my acquaintance is not a habitual moviegoer, but he is one of those people who actually enjoy being a parental guide, so one soggy Saturday he packed off to *Darling Lili* with his kids. At first things went very nicely: it's a period piece, spies with music, not as funny or as tuneful as it might be but directed by Blake Edwards with deft elegance. It features a sure, beautifully polished performance by Julie Andrews in the title role and throws in, for good measure, some first-class aerial combat above the trenches of World War I. It is really quite all right.

My friend was just thinking they sure don't make 'em like this very often anymore when Rock Hudson started to seduce Miss Andrews right in front of the children. Now it was a very chaste seduction, played

Hudson and Andrews: a chaste seduction—for 1970

for laughs and warmly clothed and, heaven forfend, with no on-camera consummation. But, he complained, they were romping around on this big bed and it was not easy to whisper hurried, censored "guidance" to the younger kids when they started hissing embarrassing questions at him. But, I replied, just because a picture plays the Music Hall in New York and costs a lot and stars Miss Andrews and is stamped all over with the right inspection stamps, like a side of beef—that is no guarantee it'll do the kids any good, only that it will do their little psyches no lasting harm.

As we argued on into the night about that most ambiguous of subjects, the moral defense of children, it became increasingly clear that neither of us knew precisely what was meant by this "Parental Guidance Suggested" category, which replaced the M (for mature) category when the Motion Picture Association of America revised its rating code earlier this year. So the next day I procured an explanatory handout from the MPAA and there, in the fine print, I discovered that "certainly GP films are acceptable for patrons of junior high school age . . ." In other words, they are likely to be no-nos for genteelly raised kids under 12. I also got hold of a group of rating bulletins and confirmed my suspicion that a film might contain a few *hells* and *damns* and even, perhaps, a quick glimpse of bare bosoms or bums and still qualify for the GP rating.

O.K., fair enough. I should think there are plenty of 10-year-olds these days who can handle that kind of stuff without suffering instant depravity. It's one of those issues that can't be settled in the abstract. Only my wife and I can decide what our kids can or cannot deal with sexually—and we're just guessing. If we are going to insist on this stupid rating system, which is no substitute for genuine parental guidance based on more effort than looking for capital letters in the ads, then the code people should tell the world in plain, practical terms what they'll let into a GP film, what they forbid.

That should be simple enough to manage. What's going to be difficult, I think, is to save the movies from themselves. I checked five months' ratings bulletins, 205 films, and what was shocking was not the abundance of pictures that got the Big X ("for adults only")—there were only 14—but the paucity of those rated G, suitable for all ages. There were only 35, about one sixth of the total film product. Worse, 10 were reissues, three were television shows picking up some spare change in the theaters and most of the rest were completely obscure titles unlikely to get a general release. This is, I submit, nothing less than the beginning of a disaster for the movie industry.

The reasoning behind this dire prediction is fairly simple. The basic audience for movies, as for any art, is composed of addicts. The art habit must be induced early, well before the distractions of adolescence set in. Opera, ballet and the theater scrape along the poverty line precisely because they don't reach enough kids at an impressionable age. The movies, as we know, used to have no trouble at all in this respect, for when we were kids *all* movies were aimed at a theoretical 12-year-old mentality—like television today. It was easy to build the habit when the factories kindly provided 400 movies a year suitable for children, but the comparative handful of G-rated movies now being turned out aren't sufficient to form the basis of a movie habit among today's youngsters —especially when most of the films are outdated, patronizing, inept or just plain cheap.

Part of the industry's problem is economic. Family night at the movies has ceased to be a regular weekly or biweekly event. The market will profitably support only a half dozen family productions a year. And they, apparently, must be lavish enough to support the new and rather odd fancy that taking the whole gang to the movies is a special treat. As a rule they are musicals. There have been a number of recent nonmusical films that were quite good (and clean) —*Downhill Racer*, *The Forbin Project*, several westerns—but the family audience didn't come out to see them.

Both the industry and the audience are construing the family film much too narrowly. The surprising success of nonmusicals like *Airport* and *Butch Cassidy* indicates there may still be a healthy potential for adventure and suspense in the G-picture audience. The industry should be releasing noncomedy efforts with the same tender loving care it lavished on a *Butch* and *Airport*—not sneak them out as they did *Downhill* and *Forbin*.

Loy and Powell, married Thin Man *lovers of the '30s*

Colbert and Gable in It Happened One Night *(1934)*

Now—dare I say it?—the movies are more important to me than moral arguments. I would rather expose my children to such puzzlements as *Darling Lili* may offer than deny them its elegance and charm. Similarly, I would rather try to explain ESP to them right there in the dark than deny them the pleasure of meeting the inspired Barbra Streisand, working under the old musical master Vincente Minnelli in *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*.

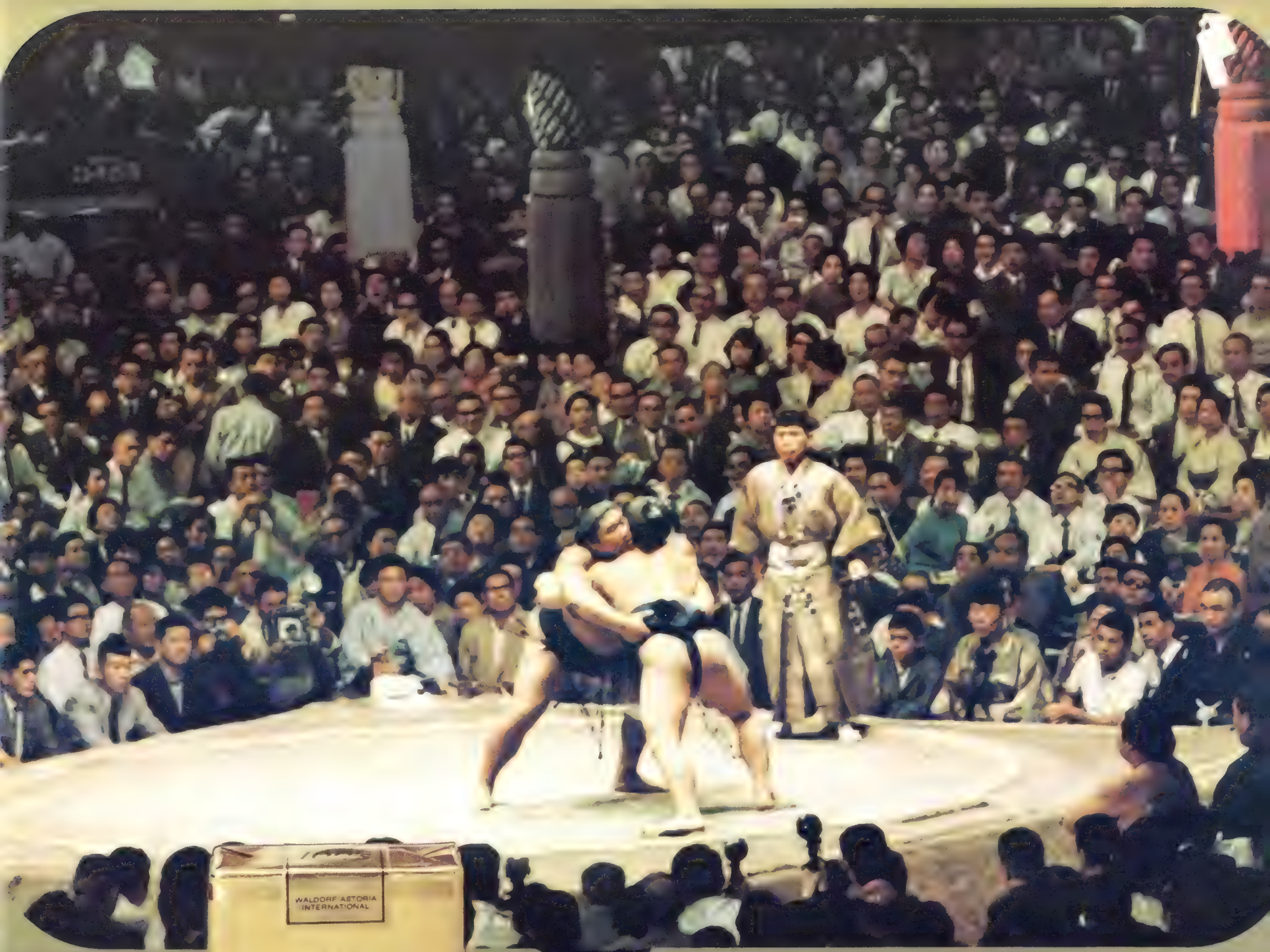
Neither is a great film, but it is feckless to demand greatness every time. What we have a right to, and what we desperately need, is what we used to receive regularly at the movies, a sense of community, a sense—as François Truffaut recently put it —that "everyone in the audience used the same means to follow the action and understand it." Mostly these two films meet that criterion just as well as the movies of the '30s and '40s did. They are a partial answer to the greatest problem the movies face today, which is that they are ceasing to be a mass art and are catering more and more to a fragment of their potential audience.

Truffaut again: "Whenever I go to the movies all I see in the theater are almost empty rows; the few seats taken hold familiar habitués of the film library, students of the cinema, a few fellow directors, a few impassioned script girls and above all lots of assistant directors, actors and would-be actors. I realize Hollywood has been described as a city of bakers where all they make is bread, but what will happen when the bread itself will no longer be eaten except by those who bake it?"

That says it. Some of the talents committed to X and R films on the mistaken assumption that total freedom of subject matter is essential to art have simply got to make, as Edwards and Minnelli have, decent GP and G films if those categories are to have any vitality. The best talents of the old Hollywood —John Ford, Howard Hawks, George Cukor, Hitchcock and even Welles—all made films that today would mostly receive those ratings.

Still, the burden must not be placed entirely on the creators. Some of the most nostalgically remembered comedies of those days, from *It Happened One Night*, with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable and the walls of Jericho, to the Myrna Loy-William Powell *Thin Man* series, were, in their discreet ways, quite sexy. At about the *Darling Lili* level, come to think of it. And they did us kids no harm.

by Richard Schickel



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LIFE
SEPTEMBER 28, 1970

Palestinian guerrillas strike savagely at the big jets and their helpless passengers

CHAOS IN THE SKY

A jet airplane filled with passengers is a critically vulnerable package. When a trained hijacker decides to take over an airliner, almost all that anyone anywhere can do is stand by powerlessly until events run their course. The most audacious air piracy coup in history made this point plain: four separate planes hijacked over Europe by Palestinian guerrillas within a space of minutes. Lebanese police and soldiers watched impotently as a Pan American 747 was forced to land at Beirut with its 173 passengers held at gunpoint. Another guerrilla brought some high-powered explosives aboard, and later in Cairo the $24 million plane was destroyed. Two of the three other hijack tries also worked and the planes were forced to land in the Jordanian desert, where most of the passengers were held as hostages, their lives in jeopardy. Jordanian troops, who have frequently fought the guerrillas, could only watch the spectacle from a distance. "This is a very good airport," one guerrilla bragged. "We will fill it with planes if Allah is willing." The day's only hijacking failure occurred when the pilot of an El Al 707 banked sharply; in the confusion one guerrilla was shot and killed and a 26-year-old woman, Leila Khaled, was captured. Her brash account of an earlier successful hijack, terrifying in its detail, is on pages 18 and 19.

The volatile Middle East lurched closer to war as a third hijacked jet was flown to Jordan, and, after its passengers were evacuated, blown up with the other two in a dlr 25.5 million explosion.

The Pan American 747 was hijacked shortly after take-off from Amsterdam and landed in Beirut. There in the glare of floodlights, a man, thought to be a demolition expert, climbed a ladder to the jet's cabin (above). Earlier, the man and a woman (below, left) from the Palestine guerrilla group

had walked unmolested across the airport toward the huge plane. Soldiers and police surrounded the area with armored cars and held back crowds (below and right), but did not attempt to stop the plane from leaving for Cairo, where it was destroyed by guerrillas (following page).

A GESTURE OF DEFIANCE WORTH $24 MILLION

Three guerrillas await questioning by authorities in a security room at the Cairo airport shortly after having destroyed Pan American's 747. Two of them took control of the jetliner and forced it to land in Beirut, where the third man joined them. On landing at Cairo, passengers were ordered to use emergency chutes to clear the plane as rapidly as possible. Minutes later, the plane was blown up.

Firemen at the Cairo airport pour foam and water on the flaming wreckage of the jet (above, right). The 747 burst into flames less than two minutes after the last passenger had left the plane. By dawn, the only recognizable parts of the 355-ton airliner were a section of the tail and pieces of the wings and engines (right).

In a photograph made before her latest hijack attempt Leila Khaled wears her commando uniform. A gun rests casually between her knees.

Leila Khaled, a 26-year-old Arab terrorist, failed in her attempt to hijack 145 New York-bound passengers on an El Al jet. Her guerrilla partner was killed, and she was captured and held under arrest in London. Before making this attempt, she told how, as a member of the Palestinian nationalist movement, she had successfully commandeered a TWA jet to Syria, Aug. 29, 1969.

COPYRIGHT © 1970 BY GODFREY JANSEN FROM "WHY ROBERT KENNEDY WAS KILLED—A STORY OF TWO VICTIMS" TO BE PUBLISHED THIS FALL BY THE THIRD PRESS, JOSEPH OKPAKU PUBLISHING CO., INC.

A female guerrilla describes her first successful

'THIS IS YOUR NEW CAPTAIN SPEAKING'

by LEILA KHALED
as told to Godfrey Jansen

Because Flight 840 was late we had to wait an extra half hour in the lounge. I spotted the young man who was the other member of our Che Guevara Commando Unit. Apart from a secret sign of recognition we took no notice of each other. This extra wait was an anxious time and two other things upset me before we got on the plane. I noticed an American lady with four children who seemed very happy and excited about their trip. I then realized, with a shock, that something dreadful could happen to them if anything went wrong. I love children and wanted to tell the lady not to go on this flight. But when I thought of some of our Palestinian children, who have had nothing in life, I felt a bit stronger and braver.

My friend and I were in the first class because that section is nearer the cockpit. But there were only five first-class passengers in all so that the three cabin crew fussed over us a great deal, which was exactly what we did not want. Not long after take-off, the two of us seated ourselves in the front row nearest the cabin door. We both refused drinks before lunch and then we both refused lunch, because we didn't want to have the lunch trays across our laps hemming us in.

We didn't get rid of the cabin crew that easily. Instead of lunch they brought us a huge trolley laden with fruits and cakes and, to our dismay, parked it in front of us, completely blocking the way from our seats to the cabin door. We didn't want to ask the hostess to remove the trolley because that would have appeared suspicious. Finally, after what seemed an age, she took it away. The way was now clear and we could get into the cabin without having to frighten anyone—that's the one thing we wanted to avoid: frightened people can do foolish things.

I asked for a blanket and the hostess tucked it around me. Then I looked at my watch and showed my friend five fingers signaling that in five minutes we would go into action—I was in charge of the operation, of course. Underneath the blanket—this is why I wanted it—I took a pistol out of my shoulder bag and tucked it into the top of my pants. Then I took out a grenade and took off the safety catch, which is shaped like a pin.

Just as everything was ready, one of the hostesses with a tray in her hands came out of the cabin door; it opened outward and she held it with her elbow. My friend, holding his pistol and grenade, brushed past the hostess and through the door. When the hostess saw the weapon she screamed, "Oh no," and threw her tray down —that was the only violence we had in the plane during the whole journey.

As we went toward the cockpit my friend called out, "Don't move. Now you have to listen to the orders of the new captain."

My part in the actual take-over was to stand facing down the plane to control the passengers with my pistol and grenade. But when I stood up with the grenade in my hand and reached for my pistol, I felt the pistol slipping down my leg inside my trousers. I hadn't eaten for a day and the waistband of my trousers was loose. It was such an anticlimax that I laughed. Instead of brandishing a pistol, there was I bending over with my back to the passengers and fumbling for my weapon up the leg of my trousers.

Having retrieved the wretched pistol I put it into my pocket, never to take it out again. It was too scaring and too much like Hollywood.

You can't imagine the look of total astonishment on the face of the captain when I went into the cockpit and announced, "I'm the new captain." I said, "Take this as a souvenir—it is the safety pin from this grenade," and I held it under his nose. "It's a free hand grenade now. If you don't listen to my orders, I'll use it and the plane and everyone in it will be blown up."

What do you want?" the pilot asked. "Proceed directly to Lydda Airport" [in Haifa, Israel]. "To Lydda?" the copilot queried. "Aren't we going to Athens?" "You understand English," I said to him. "Just do as you are told." (We had no intention of landing at Lydda. We wanted to fly over the enemy's city just to show him we could do it.)

We sat down in the two seats just behind the pilot. The grenade was in my left hand and it stayed there every minute until we landed. My friend put his away but he kept his pistol out.

I then turned to the flight engineer and asked, "How many fuel-hours of flight do you have?" I knew the answer because I had read this off the fuel gauge but I wanted to show the crew that I knew the instrument panel. I was sure he would tell me a lie and he did. "Two hours," he said. "Liar. I know you have three and a half hours. It's there on the fuel gauge. Why did you lie to me? The next time I ask you anything and you lie to me, I'll break your neck." "Why are you so angry?" the captain asked. "Because I don't like liars," I replied. I wasn't really angry. I wanted to scare them a little so they would take orders.

The dials and switches and lights in a plane's cockpit may seem bewildering but we had been thoroughly trained and I really did know what the dials meant. I also had a thorough knowledge of almost everything else in a Boeing 707.

Having put the crew in its place, the next thing I did was to speak to the passengers on the intercom. Our message was this:

"Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please.

hijacking

Kindly fasten your seat belts. This is your new captain speaking. The Che Guevara Commando Unit of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine which has taken over command of this TWA flight demands that all passengers on board adhere to the following instructions:

"1. Remain seated and keep calm.

"2. For your own safety, place your hands behind your head.

"3. Make no move which would endanger the lives of other passengers on the plane.

"4. We will consider all your demands within the safe limits of our plan.

"Among you is a passenger responsible for the death and misery of a number of Palestinian men, women and children, on behalf of whom we are carrying out this operation to bring this assassin before a revolutionary Palestinian court. The rest of you will be honorable guests of the heroic Palestinian people in a hospitable, friendly country. Every one of you, regardless of religion or nationality, is guaranteed freedom to go wherever he pleases as soon as the plane is safely landed.

"Our destination is a friendly country, and friendly people will receive you."

The person we were after was General Rabin (the former Israeli Chief of Staff) who we knew had been booked on that flight. But he seemed to have changed plans at the last minute.

Then I gave our new route map to the captain. When he went on to the new course I noticed that he kept turning to port so as to go southwestward. He may have been trying to take us to the American Wheelus Airbase near Tripoli in Libya. But I was watching the compass and ordered him back on course. After that I told him exactly when to turn and on to what bearing number on the compass: we had all this worked out.

After 15 minutes my friend reminded me that passengers still had their hands above their heads. I looked down the aisle and so they did—a funny sight. I apologized for inconveniencing them and asked the hostess to serve them with whatever they wanted to eat and drink, champagne if they wanted it. Otherwise, throughout the flight we had no contact with the passengers or cabin crew.

We tried hard to get on friendly terms with the three crew members but had no luck. We asked if they wanted anything to eat or drink but they refused. We offered our cigarettes but they refused. They didn't ask a single question about us. From time to time the captain turned round, looked at me and shook his head unbelievingly. It made me smile but I can understand his bewilderment. The only human contact was with the copilot. Like a child in school, he asked to go to the toilet and I gave him permission.

The pilot kept glancing at the grenade in my hand, so finally, to reassure him, I put my arm across his back and tapped him on the left shoulder with the grenade: "Listen, I'm accustomed to this thing. Don't be afraid." A little later I scratched my head with the grenade to show him just how familiar with it I was, but I doubt whether he was reassured.

Things became serious as we approached Lydda. "Descend to one-two-zero," I told the pilot. We began the descent and out of the haze the coast of Palestine grew clearer. "What shall we do when we get to 12,000?" the pilot asked. "Let's have a round twice," I replied and made a swinging gesture with my left hand, and the pilot's eyes, as always, followed the grenade. "We want to have a picnic over our land," I said.

Needless to say, my exchanges with Lydda Airport were not friendly. The controller was very excited and shouted at me angrily the whole time. Having switched to the Lydda wavelength, I first read a message in Arabic for our people in Occupied Palestine. I tried to speak to the airport in Arabic but they wouldn't reply. "TWA 840?" they kept calling, so I responded, "Shut up! This is Popular Front Free Arab Palestine. We will not respond unless you use this call sign. We are coming down. We are landing. Give us space." I said this just to frighten them, because I don't think the Israelis wanted us to land there any more than we wanted to. My words seemed to have the desired effect because Lydda shouted back, "Don't come down, or else we'll send Mirages to shoot you down." (While this was going on my friend held the intercom microphone so the passengers could hear the exchange, which couldn't have been very comforting for them.)

There were more threats of Mirages from the ground and when I glanced ahead there they were, two of them, a little to the right and left of us. We were still descending, but the captain said to me, "We can't descend any more. It's too dangerous with these Mirages in front." This, evidently, was how the Israelis were trying to prevent our landing. The copilot then asked to speak to Lydda. "We have to follow her orders and descend or the aircraft will be blown up. Clear the air."

Perhaps because of his words, the Mirages moved out a little, though they still stayed with us and we descended to 12,000. We then did three big turns over Lydda and Tel Aviv. I was terribly curious to see Israel and I tried to see as much as I could from the cockpit windows. We were seven minutes in all over Tel Aviv: enough to make our point.

I gave the pilot a compass reading for a course due north and he suggested that we climb because we were using up too much petrol at 12,000 feet. I told him to go up to 25,000.

The Israeli Mirages stayed with us until we crossed the Lebanese-Syrian frontier. I spoke to the Damascus airport in Arabic and told them we were going to land—I didn't ask permission.

On the intercom I told the cabin crew to evacuate the passengers by the emergency exits as soon as the plane landed because it was going to be blown up. I asked the captain to switch off the engines as soon as we touched down, otherwise we would taxi too near the airport building. I also told him to apply the brakes slowly, otherwise I might fall and the hand grenade would go off. In fact, he made a very good landing indeed.

As soon as we stopped rolling, I looked into the passenger cabin and called out, "Evacuate immediately." At this moment the crew seemed alarmed and dashed past us into the plane. They were in their shirtsleeves and my friend called to them, "Take your jackets." But they didn't stop. I also called, "Thank you for your cooperation." "You're most welcome," came from the copilot. In two minutes the plane was empty.

I went down the length of the plane to make sure it was empty. My friend then placed his bombs in the cockpit. He dashed out and stood with me near an emergency exit and I threw two grenades into the first-class compartment. As soon as I threw them, we slid down the emergency chute. My friend landed on my head with a terrific bump and I felt as if my legs were broken. We picked ourselves up and ran for 20 yards and waited for the explosion. Nothing went off. It was awful agony to think that the job would only be half done. Then my friend rushed back to the plane to reset the explosions. Because he is very tall he was able to pull himself up through another chute. I ran after him toward the plane because I couldn't bear to see him blown up. After a long minute he slid out again and we ran back once more. Still no explosion.

Only two minutes later was there a big bang and the nose of the plane crumpled. My friend fired many shots into the wing of the plane to set the fuel tanks on fire but there was so little in them that they didn't ignite.

So it was all over. "Thank God," I said to myself. I felt very relaxed and very relieved and glad that no one had been hurt.

Six weeks later when I returned to Amman, I went to the TWA office there and asked them to get me my suitcase which was on the plane. He said he would see about it and I am still waiting for it to be returned to me.

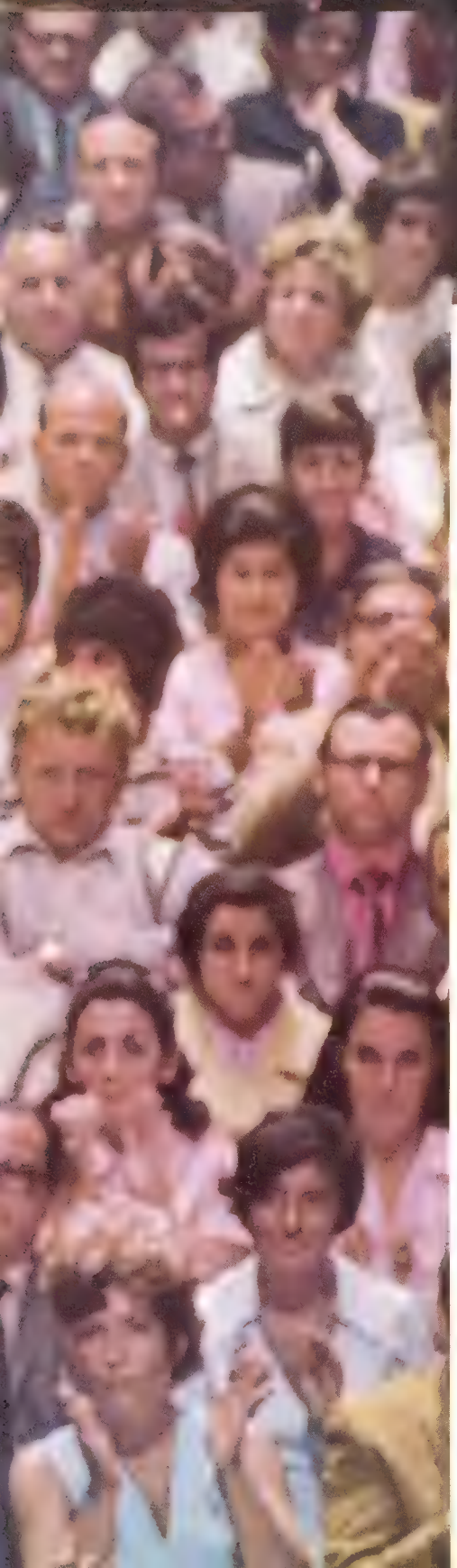
Will I have to hijack another plane to see my home town again? I hope not.

Covered by a coat, Leila Khaled leaves a London police station last week. The Palestinian guerrilla group demanded her immediate release.

The genius behind Tom Jones and Engelbert Humperdinck

The Ladies' Men of Music

Behind Jones and Humperdinck is Gordon Mills, who manages them, runs their company and even gave them their names.



At a Los Angeles concert, Tom Jones (left) athletically encourages his audience. Engelbert Humperdinck (above, performing in New Jersey) is still more direct—he touches his.

It was a problem aching for a solution. Liberace's appeal was too maternal, Elvis was too raw, the Beatles too complicated, the Stones . . . well, the Stones were out of the question for the housewife set, no matter how badly the ladies wanted to be with it. Then came Tom Jones and Engelbert Humperdinck. Twenty million records later, they still know they couldn't have done it without Gordon Mills, their manager and guiding genius.

By JORDAN BONFANTE

LONDON

Gordon Mills leaned out the window, jutted his jaw, and snarled like a lion. Outside, the workmen he was addressing across the hedge stood silently with heads almost bowed, in a pose of frozen humility that seemed to disguise a hope that the lord of the manor had not gone crazy.

"This isn't a *Roman* lion," Mills roared at them, and he looked with disgust at a hollow terra cotta lion's head in his hand. It was one of a crateful he had ordered as ornamental founts for his pool that was under construction. "This is some sort of puny Renaissance lion, I don't know," he said scornfully to the lion's head. "A *Roman* lion—it's got strength and its jaw sticks out, like this." He stuck out his jaw, clenched his hand like a claw, and snarled again.

The zoological demonstration was interrupted by a phone call from the States. Gordon Mills majestically waved away the crate of lions' heads, sat down before the bank of telephones on the desk and went back to conducting that formidable transatlantic enterprise known as Tom Jones and Engelbert Humperdinck.

The operations room of the Jones-Humperdinck combine is a surprisingly small office on the ground floor of Gordon Mills's big house in fashionable Weybridge, Surrey, outside London. The office is unremarkable, except for the 26 gold records by Jones and Humperdinck on the walls. Airy and rambling, the house itself is set in the middle of seven acres of terraced gardens in summer bloom, which also contain four garages full of Rolls-Royces and Mercedeses, and a promontory where Mills is building the Roman bath he calls the pool. Unfortunately, the estate's gorilla compound has not been completed, so the 200-pound gorilla hasn't yet been delivered. Mills, who is daft about wild animals, plans to buy a couple more gorillas and possibly some tigers.

The guiding hand behind Jones and Humperdinck is fully as theatrical as his performing partners, and rounds out the trio with perfect logic. They are each other's only close friends. All in their 30s (Jones is 30, Humper-

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Photographed by MARK KAUFFMAN

Humperdinck (above) has a more romantic image than Jones and tends to be relatively subdued onstage. But his fans (left) are just as vociferous as Jones's and travel miles to see him on his tours.

Hump croons, Tom grinds and Gordon makes the bookings

Jones (below) waggles his right hand in a characteristic gesture. It dates from the time he sang while conducting a band in back of him. He claims that his bumps and grinds had the same origin.

The MAM corporation has London headquarters, but Mills (above) prefers his small office at home, decorated with his clients' gold records.

CONTINUED

dinck 34, and Mills 35 but claims 34 because he doesn't want to be a year older than Humperdinck), they share a family-conscious, working-class background. Mills and Humperdinck were both born in India of army fathers. Mills and Jones both grew up in South Wales. All three spent years struggling in the basements of show business. With success, they have all rescued their parents from their origins. They are all married with children, and have all bought similar $150,000 mansions within half a mile of each other.

They even resemble one another, all of them tall and dark with wavy hair. Mills looks somewhat leaner and hungrier, with intense and wary gray eyes. But watching Mills move his hands, feet and hips to the rhythm of a tune, or sing a bar of a song, one can easily visualize him as the pop vocalist he used to be. The three men dress similarly, in modish bell-bottom clothes, and they are amicably competitive about what they buy. In a New York men's store specializing in Italian casuals, Mills once bought $5,000 worth of everything they showed him, in every color they had.

"Say, these are beautiful. We've got to tell Tom about this place," said an assistant who was with him.

"No, no, don't tell him," said Mills. "He'll buy everything I've got."

The distance that does separate them—that authority of manager over performer—is not paternal. Rather, they are like three brothers. Mills, the elder brother, is proud of his stars, protective and commanding. Mills picks every song, supervises every arrangement. He

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They can always go home to MAM

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personally produces every TV show and every record for both. He approves every booking. He makes all the business decisions. And his is always the last word. "He'll decide on something and say, 'That's it!' " Jones says with a shrug. "It's open and shut."

Mills was in the U.S. with Jones recently while Humperdinck was in London recording his latest single, *My Marie*. The first tape of the song was immediately sent to Mills, and the next recording session was interrupted by a phone call. Orchestra, conductor, engineers, everyone stopped short.

"Engelbert," said Mills on the transatlantic call, "I don't like the way you're doing *My Marie*. Put more *guts* into it." Click. Engelbert put more guts into it.

As the elder brother, Mills is boastful about Tom Jones and defensive about Engelbert Humperdinck. "Tom is the most versatile singer in the world," Mills said, sitting restlessly at his desk under all the gold records. "Sometimes the trouble with Tom is he's too versatile. He can sing anything—ballads, country-western, anything."

A visitor remarked that Humperdinck didn't have the same power as Jones. "That's not fair to say," Mills replied. "Nobody's got the power Tom does." Humperdinck's appeal, of course, has nothing to do with a big voice. As Jones is Mr. Sex, Humperdinck is Mr. Romance. Jones arouses the erogenous zones. Humperdinck arouses the mother instinct. Jones's women are 20 to 40. Humperdinck's are 7 to 70.

The separate yet overlapping appeals are reflected in the singers' different temperaments. Humperdinck is placid, shy, almost retiring. He was humbly surprised by his huge success and continues to be. Jones, on the other hand, is strongly confident, sometimes brash and given to boyish swaggering. He believes he is simply getting everything he deserves.

As for Mills, he is boundlessly energetic, irrepressibly nervous—with an ulcer to prove it. "He can't relax," says Jones. "He keeps saying he's got to get a holiday, but when he does get one, he can't relax. I was down in Acapulco, you know, and Gordon calls me up and says, 'What're you doing?' And I say, 'I'm just sitting by the pool relaxing.' The next thing you know he's saying, 'Yeah, but what is there to *do*?' "

Mills is also canny and cautious, not to say distrustful, in the way that Welshmen are traditionally supposed to be. Yet Tom and Engelbert trust him implicitly, he says, "because I know what I am doing. I come up with certain things and they might laugh and want to say, 'But that's ridiculous'—but it comes up trumps. So the fact that they do listen so strongly makes this a good combination. If they started to turn on me, then we wouldn't move forward."

Whenever either of the two singers gets up for a performance, it is Mills who has designed and modified every part of the act. "Pacing is the most important thing of all," Mills says. "Most performers sing what *they* want. That's a mistake. You've got to know what that person sitting in the audience wants you to sing. When he wants to hear a ballad. When he wants some pathos. When he wants a dose of rhythm. It's a matter of knowing the people in the street. And the artist is too much within himself to do it. He needs a mirror."

Mills himself has composed dozens of songs, plays several musical instruments and can direct every note of a Jones or Humperdinck arrangement even though he cannot read music. He believes there is considerable truth in the tradition that Wales is the land of song.

Mills was born in Madras, but his father, who was an army sergeant, went back to Tonypandy, Wales while Gordon was still a child. Gordon left school at 15, worked at odd jobs in that mining region, and then joined the army for three years. When he got out, he used the $250 he'd saved to buy a tape recorder, then became a bus conductor. His only other possession was a mouth organ, which he played in clubs at night, becoming harmonica champion of Wales.

In 1964, after mediocre success as a singer in London, Mills returned to Tonypandy for a visit. There an old friend named Gordon Jones, who now works for Mills, told him, "You must hear this new singer we've got here," and took him to a local nightclub to hear Tommy Scott and the Senators. "The first song he sang was *Spanish Harlem* and he had that place jumping," Mills recalls. "I couldn't understand what he was doing there." After the show Mills and Tommy Scott—Thomas Jones Woodward—agreed to team up in London.

Mills promptly changed the singer's name to Tom Jones, to exploit the popularity of the current film by that name, and for six months he and Tom and the accompanists lived off a loan Mills talked a bank into giving them. At the time Tom Jones was in the contemporary rock 'n' roll rut, wearing a shirt open to the waist, tight black trousers, a pigtail at the back of his head. But booking agents told Mills that Tom Jones was too old, "and he sings too well. We're interested in longhair groups and not men with big voices."

Within the year, however, Jones recorded *It's Not Unusual*, which Mills had written for him, and it sold three million copies and was No. 1 in 13 countries. Tom Jones seemed to have arrived.

He hadn't. When *It's Not Unusual* faded, the London ballrooms that were the teen music haunts became indifferent to Jones, and he went into a two-year slump. He ended up back in workingmen's clubs.

It was in one such club in November 1966, the Locarno north of London, when his manager couldn't get him off the stage for the applause, that Mills finally realized what Tom Jones's real market was: not the kids but adults, especially women. So Mills put Jones in a tuxedo and added some songs of a different kind. By Christmas the recorded version of one of these new songs, *Green, Green Grass of Home*, was at the top of the charts, and the new improved Tom Jones was off and singing.

Comfortably saddled in success, Mills saw new possibilities for an old friend of his, a singer named Gerry Dorsey. Dorsey was having minor success working second-rate nightclubs, but since he was already nearly 30, Mills had never seen any teen-age potential for him. Now the kids were not the only audience. Mills burst in on Dorsey and announced, "Your new name is Engelbert Humperdinck. I've seen it in a book." Beyond laughter, Dorsey's reaction to his acquisition of a name formerly owned by the 19th Century German composer of *Hansel and Gretel* was not recorded. But he agreed to hum along, and hardly had Jones's *Green, Green Grass* left the record charts than Humperdinck's *Release Me* was climbing high among them.

Three years ago Jones, Humperdinck and Mills formed their own company, called Management Agency and Music, Ltd., mainly for the sake of its acronym MAM, which means "mother" in Welsh. Together they own 38% of the five million shares outstanding. At a current per share value of about $5, MAM is worth some $25 million.

Mills, Jones and Humperdinck ultimately hope to make MAM a complete entertainment empire. It already includes 100 other performers, most of the leading British disc jockeys and a concert-promotion division, while film and TV production divisions are planned for the future.

Of course, not everything that Mills touches is successful. Since Jones and Humperdinck, he has tried to launch a couple of other singers, Leapie and Solomon King, who had one hit record apiece and then vanished.

A few months ago Mills began working with another young singer for whom he has high hopes. Two record companies had already let the youngster go because they didn't know what to do with him, which is not exactly surprising. The singer, Raymond O'Sullivan, is a blushingly shy, skinny Irish lad with a bowl haircut who wears high boots, suspendered pants that are too short for him, a big tweed cap, and carries a piano stool wherever he goes. But Mills likes his high-pitched Irish brogue and as present plans stand, O'Sullivan will have the first record out on the MAM corporation label. Under his musical new name: Gilbert O'Sullivan. ■

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R. J. Reynolds - "The Best Tobacco makes the Best Cigarettes"

The austere and the earnestly ghastly

19TH CENTURY AMERICA AT THE MET

Tufted rosewood Renaissance Revival sofa

According to our poets, we are the loneliest people in the world, at once eager and shy, tough and childlike, hustling and gullible, forever part traveling salesman, part farmer's daughter. And what made us so, it seems, was our geography, those three thousand miles of awesome horizon we still call The West. We have always felt alone. Hence we invented the front porch—the better to watch out for neighbors; hence we devised the clipper ship, the pony express, the Panama Canal —to get there sooner; hence one of our earliest painters, Samuel F. B. Morse, combined art with science and invented the telegraph, something to abridge that immensity of space we were surrounded by.

Until now, we have glimpsed this aspect of our national psychology chiefly by way of our literature. But this summer, by way of celebrating its own centenary, New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art has assembled a comprehensive survey of our 19th Century's arts and furnishings, so that for the first time we can take a backward look at the sofas and silverware, the landscapes and chandeliers which coexisted with *Moby Dick* (there is a portrait of Melville's father-in-law), *Walden* and *The Fall of the House of Usher.*

Entire rooms have been re-created, each alternating with an adjacent gallery of the best contemporaneous sculpture and painting. The expertise and expense is imposing; so is the resourcefulness. When one Federalist bureau was tracked down, its nine mahogany drawers were being used to ripen pears. Where upholstery has perished with time, not only has the original fabric been simulated, but it has been woven on looms which could themselves be museum pieces.

What it all reveals, or confirms, is the same case history of American aloneness. We may have declared our political independence in 1776, but through most of the 19th Century we remained a nation of cultural immigrants, yearning for our European cocoon. Duncan Phyfe's New York workshop was producing exquisite furniture in 1815, but the designs only echoed what was being done in Regency England. And though painters such as Bingham, Johnson and Mount loyally documented the life around them, some of their more illustrious contemporaries (Allston, Scully) were essentially Europeans in exile, and by the 1880s a number of the best (Whistler, Mary Cassatt, Sargent) had in fact gone abroad and were doing their best work as expatriates, like Henry James.

Meantime, after the Civil War, "Renaissance Revival" appeared. This amounted to a near-manic amalgam of Egyptian-Jacobean-Medieval-Gothic motifs, with scrolls, urns, tassels (carved and real), pressed rosewood, mother-of-pearl, scarlet satin, caryatids, and all so massively, earnestly ghastly that in retrospect it almost looks endearing (were we *that* lonesome?) and just may inspire a wave of affectionately camp decor among our flossier arbiters this year.

But it was not until the tail end of the 19th Century that a man appears whose voice is at once personal and non-European. Aged 31, and working in Chicago, Frank Lloyd Wright delivered his propositions on *The Art and Craft of the Machine* in 1901. The Gilded Age was at its apogee, Tiffany's studios were making lamps like lily pads and windows like wisteria vines, when Wright called for interiors unlike any ever imagined before: organic wholes, with built-in furniture, earth colors, stained wood, nothing gilded, varnished, tufted or made to look like what it was not.

In other words something closer to the austere candor and self-questioning that had haunted our literature, from Poe's black raven and Melville's white whale to Thoreau's civil dissenter and Stephen Crane's scared young soldier. It is an ideal which only a loner's instinct would be attracted to. A European, with his bonebred sense of tradition, would find it too hard, too barren, too monastic. But the truth is that every American is part monk. We may join, noisily; but we never really belong (not even our Better WASPS, which may be why they sometimes make such a pathetic issue of their exclusiveness).

Tiffany lamp in wisteria pattern

Thornton Wilder once described us as "insubmissive, lonely, self-educated and polite." These are the elements, exactly, which can be sensed in Wright's first chairs, as well as in Eakins' *Single Scullers*, in Ryder's moonlit seascape, in Homer's *Gulf Stream* survivor, and which, underneath our credit-card materialism, our jet planes with spiral stairs, our handful of moondust, may save us yet, in unexpected, solitary ways.

by Robert Phelps

Mr. Phelps is a novelist and the author of Professional Secrets, *a forthcoming book about Jean Cocteau.*

Max Schmitt in a Single Scull (1871) by Thomas Eakins

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CIGARETTES

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The *Valiant* (above) heels on the wind in trial race. She is the latest creation of Olin Stephens, who has designed three Cup winners.

Skippered by Bill Ficker, the *Intrepid* cuts through waters off Newport (right). This 1967 winner was redesigned by Britton Chance.

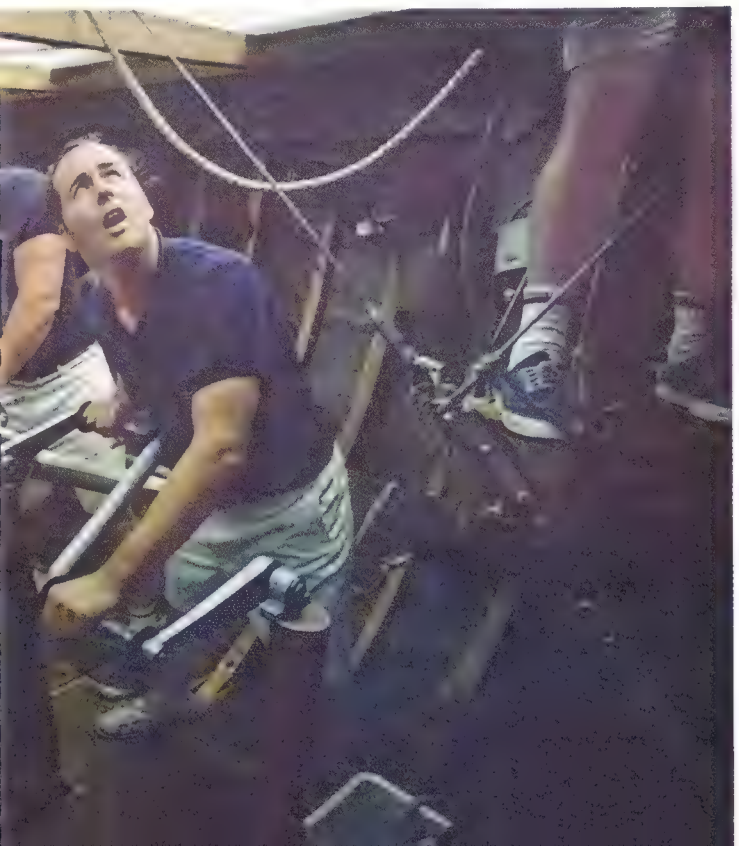
The toughest America's Cup challenge yet

Dueling through the salt spray

It may not rival the national euphoria of the World Series or the Super Bowl, but there is something about the America's Cup that makes ardent yachting fans of millions of Americans who have never been in anything bigger than a dinghy or smaller than the *Queen Mary*. Excitement began to rekindle last month as two American 12-meter yachts, *Intrepid* and *Valiant*, entered the final stage of a summer-long competition to select a defender for the Cup races off Newport, Rhode Island. Meanwhile, a few buoys away, the French and the Australians continued their four-out-of-seven duel for the right to challenge the Americans in yachting's most famous event.

The America's Cup, which is now held every three years if there is a challenger, is a special test of technology, seamanship and bank accounts. This year alone competitors will spend over $6 million in quest of a baroque silver ewer which originally cost about $500. The Americans have not lost the Cup since 1851, but this year the U.S. yachts, designed with the help of computers, are surprisingly slow, and the challengers have their best chance yet to win the Cup. *Intrepid* was chosen to defend the Cup after thrashing her American competition once again and will meet *Gretel II*, winner over *France* in four straight races, including one almost completely fog-shrouded.

Photographed by GEORGE SILK



To lower center of gravity, winch crankers Sam Wakeman (foreground) and Westy Saltonstall trim sails of the *Valiant* from below. Charles Morgan, the designer, owner and skipper of *Heritage* (above), sails a fast but erratic boat. He was eliminated after 15 races.

The French and the Aussies bid for the finals

Two Newport girls presented an appropriate mascot (above) to the Australian crew of the *Gretel II* (top right) before trials started against the French. The yacht's owner, Australian publisher Sir Frank Packer (far right, in gym shirt), is making second Cup try.

The billowing French spinnaker (left) is emblazoned with the hand-painted emblem of the province of Franche-Comté, where the *France* was built. Baron Marcel Bich, the French owner, watches glumly (above) as his boat loses an early trial race to *Gretel II*.

Cleaving through sparkling waters, two early U.S. contenders, *Heritage* and *Weatherly*, jockey for starting positions in a trial race. →

The amazing antics of film stunt lady Mari-Lou MacDonald make *The Perils of Pauline* seem positively pallid. By far the most versatile female in the profession, the 5-foot-8, 125-pound, 27-year-old Mari-Lou is equally at home risking her elegant neck on a building ledge or modeling haute couture. A former Canadian women's sky-diving champ, she broke into stunting when someone saw her falling off galloping horses "for the fun of it" while working as a movie stand-in. When she performs such nerve-racking specialties as transferring by rope from a speeding motorcycle to a helicopter, Mari-Lou relies on total concentration, uncanny coordination, wiry strength and, most important, "a scientific approach to doing the impossible." As a result, she has never been seriously injured in stunt work, although she once slipped on an airplane wing and found herself dangling, parachuteless, by one hand from a wing strut. The hardest part of the work, she claims, "is learning to look terrified when you're really not afraid."

Mari-Lou will star in a Canadian TV special this fall, but in hundreds of TV and film stunts she has doubled for less intrepid actresses. The pay has compensated for the anonymity. She once earned $5,000 for two hours' "walking" on the top wing of a biplane. Because she can karate-chop a man twice her size or toss the brute over her shoulder, Mari-Lou is constantly asked to support feminist groups. But, says the recently married daredevil, "I'm already too liberated. I would love to have men carry my parachute."

The trick to working tall buildings, says Mari-Lou, is "don't look down." At right she dangles from the 18th-floor ledge of her Toronto apartment. If she slipped she could lunge for the rope hanging at her side—and hopefully catch it.

Anything you can do, Mari-Lou

To perform what she calls her "standard, cut-him-off-at-the-pass bit," Mari-Lou first stands on her own horse, then leaps to grab her victim by the back, and finally falls clear as he tumbles to the ground.

can do better

Mari-Lou "engineers" a crash beforehand and knows "precisely how long I have to get out of a burning car." After ramming a telephone pole for a TV series (above) her foot caught on the steering column, slowing her escape. But she slipped out—slightly singed, but none the worse for wear.

Daring death with flames and chains

Normally Mari-Lou performs this Houdini-like underwater escape in a closed bag, but for a publicity stunt (left) she escapes from the tangle of tied ropes and locked chains in the open. An expert diver, Mari-Lou can hold her breath for two and a half minutes.

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NFRICA

Regally posing as the savior of his people, the bogus Reverend Deke O'Malley (Calvin Lockhart, above) schemes to cheat the people of Harlem out of many thousands of dollars.

Harlem's missing bale of cotton, a hiding place for $87,000, surfaces on the stage of the famed Apollo Theater as a prop for an exotic dance by stripper Billie (Mabel Robinson).

'Cotton' Cashes In

All-black comedy is a box office bonanza

Hollywood has finally cottoned on. The amazing success of the wild detective comedy *Cotton Comes to Harlem* has proved once and for all that movies do not have to be lily-white—or even "integrated"—to be big box office. They can be jet black. Directed entirely in Harlem by black actor-playwright Ossie Davis, *Cotton* has grossed over $6 million in three months. The movie is full of black stereotypes no white director would dare include—but which delight black audiences. Even the plot revolves around a black-oriented gag—a missing bale of cotton stuffed with the ill-gotten gains of a phony "Back to Africa" preacher. *Cotton*'s producer, Sam Goldwyn Jr., has acquired six other detective stories by Chester Himes (*next page*), so other black comedies will be on the way—now that Hollywood has discovered that black makes beautiful box office.

Taking aim at a fleeing armored car containing the stolen "Back to Africa" funds, Detective Coffin Ed Johnson (Raymond St. Jacques, left) fires from the hood of a Rolls-Royce.

After a wild chase through Harlem streets, the two detectives lose their quarry when Grave Digger Jones (Godfrey Cambridge) drives straight into a cart of ripe watermelons.

CONTINUED

The hard-bitten old pro who wrote 'Cotton'

Himes relaxes in his Paris hotel room during one of his frequent visits to France from his home in Spain.

Chester Himes, *Cotton*'s author, is a tough, hard-bitten writer of the old school—a grizzled old pro whose first literary model was Dashiell Hammett and who is now writing some of the toughest, bloodiest detective stories in print. He spent most of his twenties behind bars, he has endured years of near destitution, and for the last 17 years has led the life of an angry expatriate in Europe.

Until he was 17 years old, no one—least of all Himes himself—had any idea that he might one day become a professional writer. The son of a schoolteacher, he seemed set for a respectable career as a doctor—until, one day, he fell down an elevator shaft. "I was just out of high school," he recalls, "working as a room-service busboy in a fancy Cleveland hotel. I was already enrolled to start my pre-med studies at Ohio State. When I fell down that shaft I got so banged up that the hotel gave me a cash settlement of $5,000—and that was big money in those days. Well, I stuck out college for two years, but between my medical condition and too much money I soon got bored. So I just dropped out and drifted back to Cleveland and started hanging around gambling clubs."

For a time Himes ran the blackjack game in a club called the Tijuana House. But soon he got restless again. "I was fed up with the States, so I decided to leave. I wanted to go somewhere I wouldn't suffocate. Thought I'd try Mexico. But first I needed a small stake."

For a schoolteacher's son his approach to the stake was remarkably simplistic. He walked into a Cleveland Heights house, held up a wealthy couple at gunpoint and left with $20,000 and a fistful of jewelry. A few weeks later he was caught in Chicago trying to fence one of the rings. For his pains he got 20 years in the Ohio pen.

Faced with years of incarceration, Himes spent the last of the $5,000 the hotel had paid him on a typewriter. "I'd been reading stories by Dashiell Hammett in *Black Mask* and I thought I could do them just as well. When my stories finally appeared, the other convicts thought exactly the same thing. There was nothing to it. All you had to do was tell it like it is."

Still, it took him five years to sell his first short story—a tale of prison life. It appeared in *Esquire* in 1934, complete with his prisoner's number as the by-line.

Paroled in 1936 after serving eight years, Himes bounced from place to place and job to job. All the while he kept doggedly at the writing. Finally, in 1945, he produced his first novel—and hit the jackpot. *If He Hollers Let Him Go*, based on Himes's experiences in a Los Angeles shipyard, became a best seller and won Himes a literary award.

In the following decade Himes published two more novels, *Lonely Crusade* and *Cast the First Stone*, but neither of them sold. Finally, in 1953, he packed his bags and left for Europe. He lived in England for a while, then in Portugal. For two years he seemed drained of all inspiration. He was out of money and unpublishable. Then a new career unexpectedly opened up—writing in a new style and for a new audience. Marcel Duhamel, a French publisher, suggested he write a detective story.

Himes was aghast but hungry. So he decided to give it a try. The result was *La Reine des Pommes* (published in the U.S. as *For Love of Imabelle*), the first of the Grave Digger and Coffin Ed stories. To Himes's astonishment, it became a sensational best seller in France and was named best detective novel of the year.

A few years later Himes scored another hit—this time in the United States—with a sex farce called *Pinktoes*, which he wrote between detective stories for the Olympia Press in 1961. When Editor Maurice Girodias first looked over the manuscript, Himes recalls, he was not entirely satisfied. " 'If you incorporate eight sex scenes,' Girodias told me, 'I'll publish it.' 'Okay,' I said. I went to work and put in so many sex scenes that Girodias had to censor it!"

Released in the States in paperback and without fanfare, the free-wheeling adventures of Pinktoes—a sort of middle-aged black Candy—brought Himes overnight fame. But he refused to be seduced by this sudden success. Since then, he has stuck doggedly to detective stories. Though they are written quickly (few of them take more than a month), and for cash, Himes is extremely proud of them. "My books are set in the Negro ghetto," he says. "They are as authentic as the *Autobiography of Malcolm X*. But I don't strain after authenticity when I write them. I tell it like it is, and the truth comes out as a matter of course."

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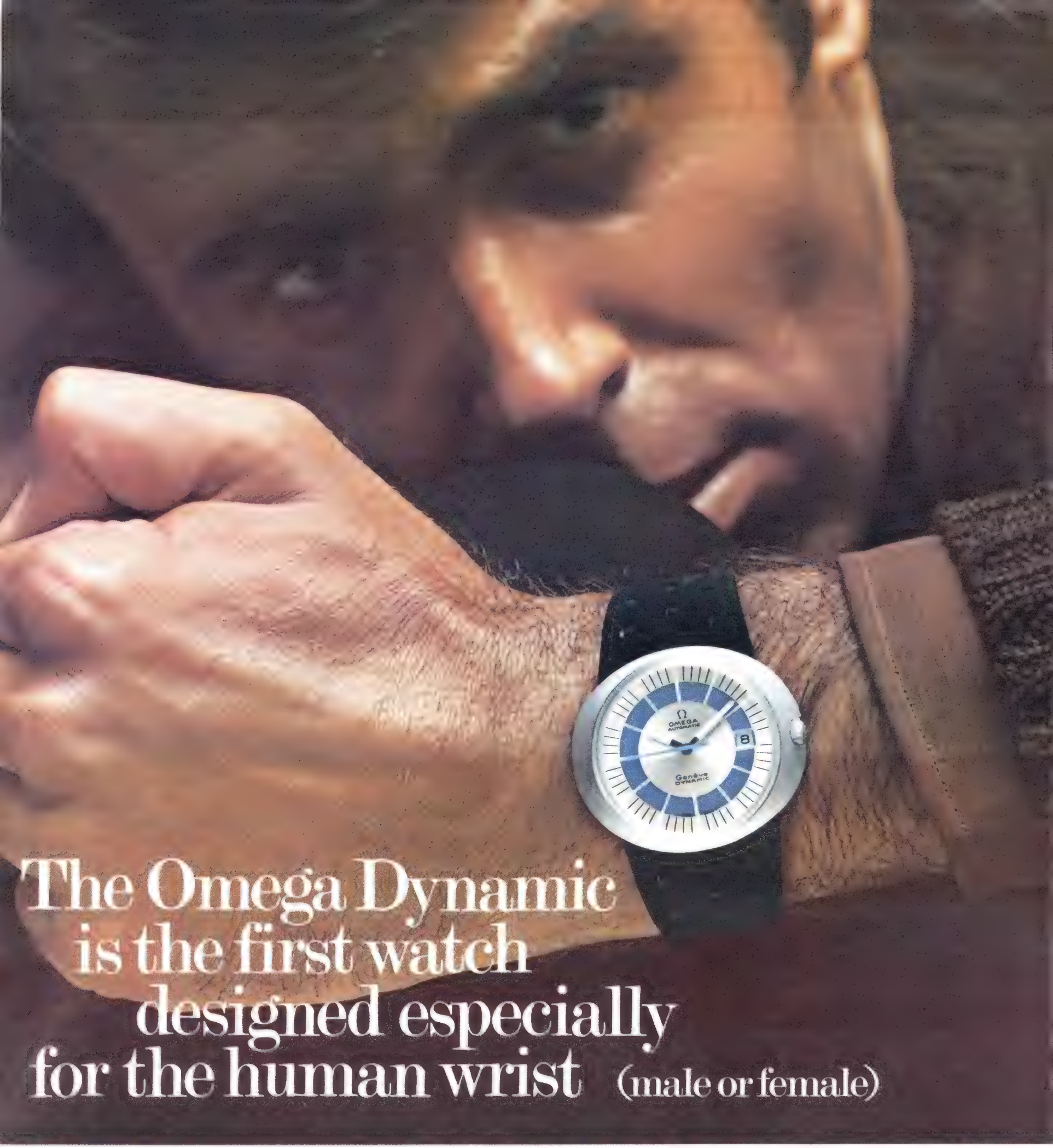

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Top left. The Punctual-after-sunset Dynamic. Luminous tritium hour markers and black dial mean that you'll be on time for your next date with an owl on a moonless night.

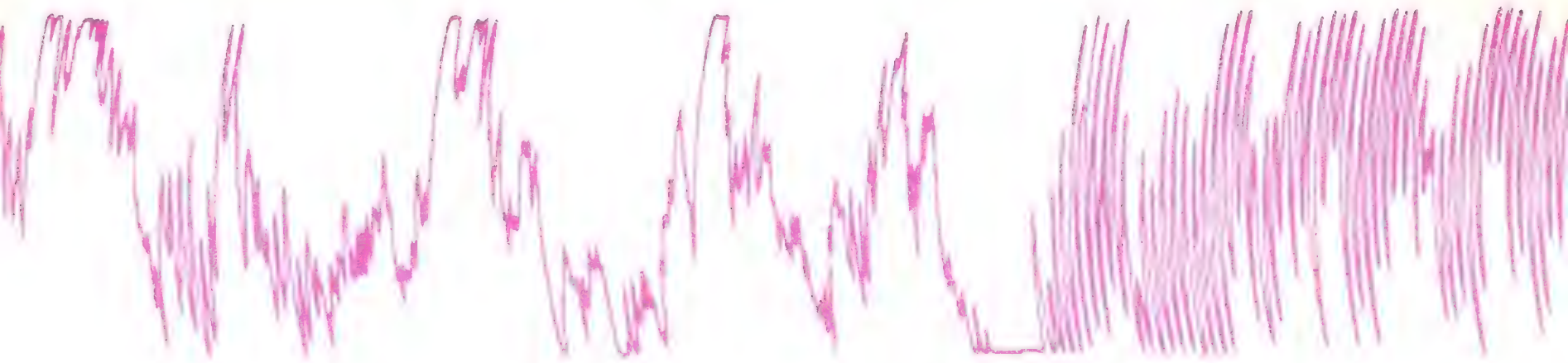
Top center. The Meet-me-in-the Forum Dynamic. Roman numerals and a classically simple styling concept are here expressed in stark black and white. Petronius would have heartily approved of this model.

Top right. The Midnight-blue-is-In Dynamic. Hands and hour markers show up bright and white on the fashionably dark dial. Only the second hand is red—so that you can read off the second in a split second.

Bottom left. The I-am-a-bluestocking Dynamic has a Bermuda-blue dial and matching strap, and the advantage that it needs no winding and still runs for 48 hours after you take it off.

Bottom right. The Dates-are-important-to-me Dynamic has a little calendar window into which the new date slides silently each day at midnight. And since watch-winding can be very unkind to your nails, this Dynamic has a self-winding movement.

Ω OMEGA



Turning On with Alpha Waves

There is, as we all know, a trend among the young to reject the technological, hurry-hurry West in favor of the timeless, contemplative East. But youth, when it comes to labor-saving shortcuts, can still appreciate technology. Take the little earphone device shown here. Its name —Aquarian Alphaphone—is fashionably astrological. But its purpose, according to the young Californian who manufactures it, is to telescope up to 15 years of Zen meditation into a few easy hours.

The claim is not quite as crazy as it sounds. The device lets a person listen to the sound of his own brain waves. The normally alert human brain emits a mixture of different wavelengths, as shown in the ragged left-hand portion of the brain-wave chart above. But a few years ago Japanese scientists found that Zen masters, when in profound meditation, discharge large amounts of a particular kind of brain wave called alpha, as shown in the denser right-hand section of the same chart. The implication that alpha might somehow be the key to Zen-style wisdom—or at least to deep tranquillity—has prompted scientists to elicit pure alpha from ordinary people as well. The best method is to wire up a subject to an electroencephalograph and relay back to him over a loudspeaker the distinctive low buzzing sound of whatever alpha he spontaneously produces. With this continuous prompting, the subject soon learns the proper mental posture to produce more and more alpha.

In the Alphaphone, which works on the same feedback principle, the cumbersome machinery of the lab has been compressed into a handy battery-powered package that anyone can commune with, any place, any time. So far, it has created no instant sages. But it is helping a lot of people to relax and a few even to sustain a mild alpha "high," which is a lot safer than drugs.

In a meditative pose, Alphaphone customers (right) take part in a training session. Metal tabs, held in place by a headband, relay brain waves to black boxes on top of the head, which transmit sounds to earphones. Above, sets are assembled in the rustic factory of Aquarius Electronics in Mendocino, California.

The same feedback technique is used in the Dream Laboratory at Maimonides Medical Center, Brooklyn, N.Y. (left), where Dr. Stanley Krippner and Charles Honorton observe a subject. They are studying the connection between alpha waves and extrasensory perception.

It's really the men who need liberating

by MARY CALDERONE, M.D.

The greatest revolution of our times has to do with the long, hard looks being taken by numberless human beings at themselves in their relationships to each other—as members of nations, of different kinds of societies, of different religions, of different races—and of the two sexes. More than at any other moment in human history, increasing numbers of us are becoming conscious of our deep need for and dependence on others for life in every sense of the word—physical, emotional, spiritual.

But paradoxically, we have never been lonelier as individuals, nor more separated, one from the other.

I am particularly concerned about the hostility now fermenting between men and women. Just when men and women have the opportunity to mean more to each other than ever before, and when the world, the society and that entity known as the family need them *together*, they are exploding apart.

Men and women are deeply uneasy with and about each other; they circle each other warily, fencing and feinting; their visual contacts are sidewise, not direct; they are mistaking bodily for interpersonal intimacy. There is little trust between them.

One reason for this may be that women have come so far, so fast. In the span of my own lifetime, women have achieved rights and freedoms undreamed of in the previous century: rights of franchise, of property ownership, of guardianship of children; freedoms in education, professions, occupations, recreation, movement, dress, behavior. Imagine that at 15 I was wearing long black stockings for swimming, and felt daring when I rolled them below the knees!

By contrast, in this same period, males, who have always had the rights, have achieved far fewer freedoms. Only recently have they begun to emerge from their age-old stereotyped grooves of earning, governing and fighting, and from their compulsively fixed patterns of masculinity in dressing, professions, recreation and life-style. That these were grooves and patterns they had themselves designed made them no less confining, but it did make breaking out of them all the more fearful a process. As men have begun to emerge from these stereotypes, doubtfully and hesitantly, they have found that in leaving the security of their old shells, they are that much more exposed and vulnerable to the incomparably more secure and liberated females.

A few years ago at a meeting of about 100 professionals in counseling and family life, I asked the men to sit in the rear and listen while the women gave me a series of adjectives on the theme "What I would like to see men become 20 years from now." For a half hour the women discussed the qualities they desired, then they faced the men. At first, the men were defensive about adjectives they termed predominantly "feminine," such as tender, gentle, empathetic, nurturing, artistic. But the women convinced them that these were desirable qualities that would enhance men's own evolution as individuals. By the time the meeting ended the men admitted that the women had listed qualities that they would like to have had but felt they were "not permitted" to develop. Not permitted by whom? Today I would answer, by the norms of the society as a whole that have been set primarily by the males themselves in a kind of self-fulfilling process of entrapment.

This is why I would like to propose to women that for women to choose to strike out at men at this moment is not only unwise and counterproductive, but inhumane and therefore self-defeating. Granted the justice of so many of the claims made by women against their own subjugation and exploitation by males over the centuries and in the present, the bald fact is that hostility and vengefulness of half a population against the other half is never what is needed at any moment in history, but most especially in this one.

What *is* needed, then, in the relationships of the sexes to each other? I would say primarily a joint realization from the very earliest years that participation in all life processes relates to being human rather than to being sexual. Therefore it is not so much competitiveness or aggressiveness or submission or exploitation of either sex by the other that is at issue, as the opportunities each one of us, being human, can find to enjoy and be enjoyed by, help and be helped by, stimulate and be stimulated by members of the sex that is not ours as well as of the one that is.

Women simply cannot run this world alone. But then, neither can men! Together they can do it, and much, much better than it is being run at present. Together, both as individuals and as the two sexual collectivities, they can help and support each other in the free choices to be made as *both* sexes find out that love and sex, jobs and families, work and play, world concerns and self concerns are not mutually exclusive. They are points in the life continuum that deserve and can receive different emphases at different epochs or moments in that life—without being at the expense of either man or woman.

"His" and "hers" should not divide the world, which is *ours*. There is no need for any lifelong choice of a role or an occupation. Either sex should be free to come and go across frontiers that exist only as we ourselves choose to establish them. The woman who has elected to become a housewife and mother, and then feels enslaved by her choice, *is* enslaved—by her own choice. But society needs to provide women with an education that prepares them to choose freely among their many different options during the ebbs and flows of their educational, sexual, reproductive and productive years of life, without denying the fact that to the female goes the great and sexually fulfilling privilege of carrying and bearing children. For a woman to regard a child as a penalty for her being born a woman is destructive to woman, child and society.

Furthermore, neither men nor women should confuse sanctions that have historically been invoked against women by men in the educational and economic worlds with the sanctions that men and women currently invoke against each other in their personal relationships, particularly in their marital lives. Sometimes the problems of a marriage may reflect patterns of society, but more often they reflect interreactions so specific to the couple's own needs that to build a movement on them serves both society *and* the couple very ill indeed.

Freedom to choose what and how to be, as male or female—by knowing what the choices are and balancing one's own good, one's partner's or associate's good and the common good—this is what each sex should make possible *for* the other sex, not wrest violently *from* the other sex. Women will have to make the first gestures on behalf of men's liberation, for at this moment men are still entrapped in their own centuries-old power play. But women can afford such generosity, for women have forged ahead of men at other, deeper levels. The obligation is on us, as women, to ease the way for men to those deeper levels of relationships where power is powerless and the truest satisfactions as human beings are to be found.

Then the power questions won't matter at all, nor even exist anymore.

Dr. Mary Calderone is director of the Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S. and has edited books about abortion and family planning.

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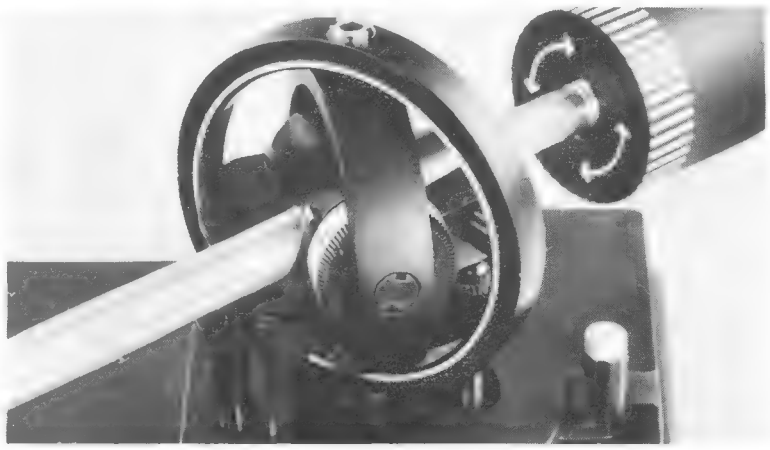

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PAINTING THE TOWN

Imagination and a lot of color enliven city walls

Until recently, the most that the blank brick walls of factories and tenements in the U.S.'s major cities could offer by way of stimulation was crude advertisements or even cruder graffiti. But lately a number of imaginative young artists with a yen to paint big have been transforming these surfaces into gigantic canvases. Helped out at times by professional sign painters, they have gone aloft on shaky scaffolds from New York to Los Angeles to create vast expanses of dazzling color in some of the dreariest sections of town. Bemused but generally delighted local residents can now take their choice of abstract-art parking lots, signed original tenement facades, or back-alley Black Power murals.

The view from this apartment took on a whole new feeling after New York artist Tania had painted the playground outside. "It's nobody's property and it's everybody's property," she says, "the way art should be."

No one knows who transformed these Los Angeles storm drains into cats, but the drains supervisor wishes he hadn't. "It's a nice idea, I suppose," he says, "but actually government property should not be painted on."

Beneath a hanged man, menacing faces brood over a Chicago sidewalk in Don McIlvaine's *Into the Mainstream*. Such murals, he says, are "black artistic expression falling right out into the street where the people are."

It's become the center of the community," says a member of the Los Angeles Fine Arts Squad of the group's ingenious *trompe l'oeil* street scene in the city's Venice section (below). "People really freak out when they see it."

Yes

The World is saying Yes
to bold gold
BENSON & HEDGES

Have you said Yes yet?

SPECIAL REPORT

ISOLE DI PACE

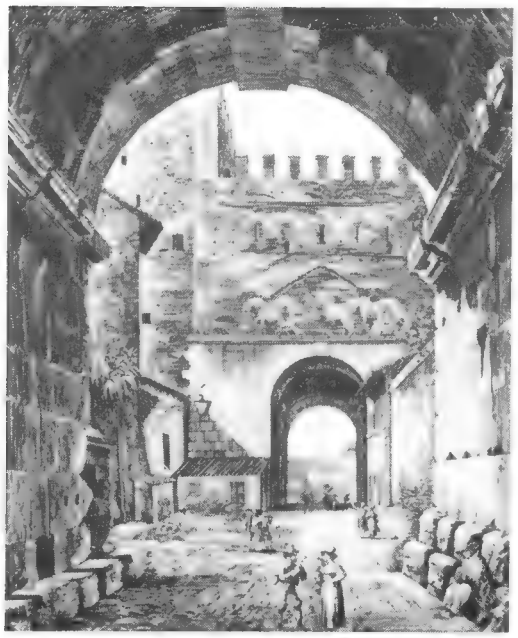
Peaceful islands in chaotic Rome

ROME

In a headlong rush to *modernizzarsi*, old Rome has been hacking away at any monument which impeded traffic, turning its once gracious piazzas into smelly parking lots and permitting its obstreperous citizens to park anywhere they could maneuver the car.

The latest creation of the movement to modernize is a group of *isole di pace*—islands of peace. To create these islands of comparative serenity, the hard-pressed government has banned automobiles from the oblong Piazza Navona with its fine restaurants, from the central square of old Trastevere, from the Trevi Fountain, and most recently it has decreed a new island smack on top of the monumental defense line which served Rome so well 1,600 years ago—the city wall of the Emperor Aurelian. This island of peace is a pedestrian walkway on top of the wall, an archer's-eye view, if you will, of the gardens and gates, the turrets and the traffic, and, in sum, the centuries of Rome.

Open only on Sundays, the wall walk is a short 500 yards long in this, its first year, but it will be extended later. One climbs up modern steps near the entrance to the six-lane Via Cristoforo Colombo in the south of the city and emerges only 38 feet—but an entire world—away from the honking, sweating occupants of cars elbowing each other on the way to the countryside. Inside the defense wall, toward Rome, lies the sea of unkept greenery in the Park of the Scipios, while off in the distance are the red ruin of the Baths of Caracalla and the twin towers of the Porta San Sebastiano which used to be the exit from Rome to the famed Appian Way to the south.



The Arch of Druso in the 19th Century

The walkway is narrow, usually only about six feet wide, twisting, and leading up and down stairways. The view, through wall slits built for ancient warriors, can be dizzying. Outside whiz the butterfly colors of brightly painted Fiat cars, but inside are real butterflies and wild flowers.

There are Latin inscriptions set in mosaic along some of the passageways, and sturdy platforms in the towers for the men who manned primitive "artillery pieces" which hurled blunt javelins at attackers. There are covered passageways for archers, and one handsome fresco Madonna done in the late 1500s by some unknown hermit who apparently took up residence in a tower and left his painting as a silent thanks and tribute to the glory of the Aurelian Wall.

"Of all the monuments of Rome, this one speaks most clearly," says an impassioned custodian as he leads wall walkers around the bends and under the arches of the restored fortification. "You know what it says? It says, 'Shut up and listen to me.' "

The history of the wall is indeed worth the visitor's attention. It was built by military engineers during the reign of Aurelian from 270 to 275 A.D., and stretched about 10 miles, surrounding the heart of Rome. But even when it was originally built, about 20 feet high and 10 feet wide, with defense towers every 100 feet, the "excitable and agitated people of Rome" (to quote from the official guide book for the wall walk) demanded openings in it because they felt hemmed in. Emperor Aurelian provided for massive gates leading out to the big consular roads of Rome—the Appia, Aurelia, Flaminia, etc.—and some favored private citizens arranged to have smaller holes cut in the wall to be able to reach their homes easily. During the reign of Maxentius (306–312) the big wall held off two invasions of Rome, and between 401 and 402, under Honorius, its height was doubled. Then incessant war, invasion and decline shrank the size of Rome. By the 1500s, when the unknown hermit painted his Madonna, the population of the city had dwindled to about 20,000 souls living huddled around St. Peter's for protection, and the southern reaches of the Aurelian Wall, far out in the country, were quite suitable for a hermit.

For centuries thereafter, no civilians were allowed in or on the wall. Its maintenance was the responsibility of the rulers and Popes of Rome, many of whom left their names and their crests upon works of repair. One hundred years ago, when Rome revolted against papal domination and the country was unified, the wall was abandoned as a defensive position and used only as a handy border for the imposition and collection of taxes upon merchandise moving into the city through its several gates. Then even that function vanished, and the wall became picturesque, if neglected, scenery.

Little by little the State of Italy turned over the wall to the City of Rome. In the late 19th Century some of the towers and turrets were sold to private citizens to make homes or artists' studios. Mussolini, obsessed by the idea of restoring to Rome some of its ancient grandeur, made his own alterations in the wall more gently than had his predecessors: he insisted upon arches which let out the traffic but did not disturb the upper reaches of the wall. He also permitted the head of the Fascist party, Ettore Muti, to turn the Porta San Sebastiano into a private playhouse decorated with polar bear skins and trophies of Italy's adventures in Africa.

Modern traffic passes through the arch

By the mid-1960s the Rome Superintendency of Antiquity and Fine Arts aroused itself to display a genteel concern over the casual destruction of the city's monuments and the growing lack of breathing space for people. Something drastic, however, was needed to save the Aurelian Wall. *Ergo*, another island of peace, but not without its preliminaries. For five years, august government groups haggled about jurisdiction; among other bureaucratic roadblocks, Rome was in charge of the wall, but some of the gates were still controlled by the state Superintendency for Monuments. Delicate negotiations provided for their transfer to Rome and the restoration and repair began. Providing a smooth walkway, shoring up the crumbling turrets and installing railings to keep unwary walkers from falling into the traffic took a full year. The interior of the Porta San Sebastiano itself was then completely renovated and eventually will house a museum of prints, photographs and artifacts relating to the wall.

Total cost of the restoration work on this small section was $125,000, but the flat-broke city of Rome (current municipal debt, $2.3 thousand million) considers it cheap at the price. "It is better to have a deficit *with* a wall walk," says Rome Mayor Clelio Darida, "than to have a deficit without a wall walk." And no one can deny that in this strife-wracked world, another island of peace is welcome.

DORA JANE HAMBLIN

From my hospital bed I projected slides that recalled my father, my brother and my whole past

My Father's Country

The story of a remarkable man who handed down to his sons his joyous passion for life

by PHILIP B. KUNHARDT JR.

January 5, 1969

It is six years ago today that my father died of a heart attack. He had been sick for several years, in and out of the hospital, in terrible pain at times, fighting against approaching death, doing mighty battle with the many things going wrong in the body which he had been so proud of for almost all of his sixty two and one-half years. I was the last of his four children to arrive at the hospital that morning his heart gave out. I was holding his hand, talking to him quietly, and he turned to me as if he needed something right away. Our eyes met only for a second that quick last time, and then he twisted his head and stared up at the ceiling of the hospital room. He gasped and his face began to swell and turn purple, and he seemed to be holding his breath, holding his breath, the way he always did when he was making a certain funny puffed-cheek face he called his "stubbill sparrow" face. Except this face never ended, the next breath never came.

Forty-eight days ago I had a heart attack. The pain had begun late the night before, as soon as I had got into bed. All of a sudden there was a thick, billowing ache in my chest and I got up quickly, without waking my wife, and began wandering through the dark house. I lurched from room to room, I began to sweat. I bent over the kitchen table, using my arms for support. I choked at the pain. I slid down on the tile of the kitchen floor and lay squeezed and groaning for what seemed hours. The pain muddied my mind, made it work in dizzy whirlpools. Again and again I thought of calling our doctor, but each time the notion seemed absurd. It couldn't be, it just couldn't be, I kept telling myself. I crawled on my hands and knees back to the living room and finally fell fitfully asleep in a straight-back chair by the fireplace. Morning would surely prove

CONTINUED

From the book, My Father's House, *by Philip B. Kunhardt Jr., published in the U. S. this summer by Random House, Inc.*

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It had to be wild country to qualify

CONTINUED

it all away. But morning did nothing of the kind.

At five o'clock I awoke. Now the deep, fierce pain in the left side of my chest reached its tentacles out toward my left shoulder and down into that arm and at the same time threaded its way up toward my throat and neck. The furnace in the cellar of our old barn of a house turned on, and I could hear the bright orange flare as the oil ignited. A few minutes later the big iron radiator pipes began to throb and clank and the radiator nozzles began to hiss. I looked about my living room, at the photographs of my five children which sit in a row on top of a bookcase, at the objects collected over the years which litter and ornament the tops and shelves of other bookcases, at the huge Oriental rug from the music room of the house in Massachusetts where my father was born and grew up. I stood up and paced back and forth across that rug, cursing the pain, clutching at it with both hands, being half doubled over by it, wishing it away. After all, I was only forty years old and I had work to do and miles to go and this must be indigestion or heartburn—but I knew it was neither. Still my mind fought the realization and for a few hours more I would not admit it to myself.

I spent three days in the intensive-care ward of our hospital with instruments taped to my chest so that the beat of my heart was monitored every moment. After the first day there was no more pain. I lay in a narrow slot, one of a dozen open-ended cubicles that radiated out from a central glass-enclosed nurses' station. My wife was the only visitor I was allowed and she was limited to five minutes at a time. In and out Katharine came and went a dozen times each day, bringing me scraps of news from the world—of who had called, how each of our children had been told about me, and how he or she had taken the news—bringing me herself. I would be lying on my back, staring at the green perforated ceiling of my cell, and the curtain would move, and there she would be once more. She touched me on the cheek and we looked straight and long into each other's eyes, showing each other our fear and our love.

I was not allowed to move, even to turn over. I thought a lot about the things I love in this world, and I thought about where I had come from and where I might be headed. My father drifted back into my mind over and over again. It was almost as if he were there and I was small again and we could talk. I was seeking truths, and they seemed, for reasons I was unable to fathom in those dim, floating hospital hours, to lie somewhere far back in my memories.

In the 1940s during the war, the greatest entertainment our family had was a slide evening. We would move the horsehair couch away from its normal home against a wall of the front living room, and that pale green wall would become the screen. My father would meticulously set up the slide projector on a little table in front of the fireplace and snap on the high-powered light and cooling blower. He would fool around with the focus, getting out from inside the machine any hairs that might be enlarged to the size of ropes on the wall. Then he would place all the boxes of slides he planned to show us that night in a pile beside him where he could fumble for them when they were needed. The slides had to be fed one by one into that primitive machine. Before inserting a slide my father had to hold up each one to the glow of the projector and sight through it to make sure the picture was upside-down and backwards so it would come out right side up and frontwards on the wall.

In the late 1930s my father had bought a miniature German camera and begun to photograph the hill where we lived in color during all its seasons. He photographed holidays, too, and special family events and gatherings, and he always took his camera on our summer vacations so we would have a record of the part of the northeast he had picked for us to live in and explore each August. My father never would have thought of going out West, to ranch country, or to the High Sierras or to Canada lakes. He stuck to places he had been introduced to and fallen in love with when he was young, or places where friends or family went, to New England mostly. But it had to be wild country to qualify, it had to be large country, it had to present a challenge.

As the show started there was a catching of breaths

The flat yellow Kodak boxes of developed color film grew in number over the years until a whole shelf in my father's pipe and tobacco closet in the downstairs hall was packed with them, each box marked in his careful, rolling script with the date and the place and the names of the people in the pictures inside.

On slide nights, as the audience gathered and made a circle of chairs and pillows on the floor, there was always a lot of calling for someone's favorite box—"the big storm" or "let's see Maine" or "the White Mountains." Sometimes it was "the Adirondacks" or "Lake George" or "Isle au Haut"—or just scenes from the hill, the pool and the deer and the house and the view from our front steps that my father took a hundred different times, at dawns, at dusks, after snow and ice, during rain and rainbow.

When everybody was assembled and the lights extinguished, the show would start. Then there would be catching of breaths or cries or sighs when a long-forgotten beauty suddenly flashed upon our wall. We'd tell my father to hold it there, we wanted to study it. We

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would call out side memories to each other, and laugh and hoot at the dress of my sister's that was out of style now, and when someone wanted to point out something special in a picture, he would crawl right up to the wall on his stomach and reach up and put his finger on the person or dog or mountain peak he wanted to say something about.

When my father finally switched off the projector, everyone clapped. Even though the show was over and we were back in our own living room again, and the lights were on and sleep was being suggested by my mother who could spot a yawn a mile away, still the talk of the pictures continued, each of us choosing his favorites of the night, or commenting on the color of a July evening's sky that no one could believe had ever been that red.

The boxes contained a last look at our beginnings

My heart attack had not been a bad one and by Thanksgiving I was in a private room. My children came to visit me. Fourteen was the age limit for visitors, so the oldest three had to sneak 11-year-old Sandra up the fire stairs, and once in my room, she stood on the back rail of the bed to make herself look tall to the nurse. I waved to our 3-year-old out the window, breaking all orders by getting out of bed and over to the window for the wave. Over the phone she said to me each day, "You feel all right?" I would answer "Yes" and Sarah would tell me, "You come home." "I love you, Sa Sa," I said, and I could hear her take the phone down from her face to say to her mother, "Daddy called me Sa Sa. Daddy loves me."

My brother called from Boston to say he was coming to visit me in the hospital and what could he bring. I asked him to bring Dad's slides. They were practically the only things Ken had taken away from our house on the hill after our father's death. Now I needed them, to share again those scenes, to feel close to their taker.

I was sitting up in bed, staring out the hospital window, when my brother pushed open the door to my room, poked his head in, saw it was really me, and appeared fully, carrying the suitcase of slides. "Thank God you're alive," he said, taking me by the shoulder and giving me a shake.

For an hour or so we went through the boxes of slides. Ken had put them in some kind of order, and now with great care he showed me the different categories, arranged by years and places. The conversation went slowly; neither of us was anxious to say too much. Each knew that the case contained a last look at our beginnings and our roots, our early adventures as seen through the eyes of our common father. We looked at each other differently than we ever had done before, as in the waning winter afternoon we shook hands goodby, and then he was gone, leaving the slides with me.

My son Peter brought me my new-fangled slide projector from home, and now the two of us began to fill its carousels which hold 80 pictures apiece. Peter worked swiftly, loading the carousels, and when it was dark outside, we placed the projector on the table that swung across my bed, set a carousel in place and snapped on the bright lamp. A rectangular block of white light leaped out upon the wall of the hospital room. I pressed the projector release button, the carousel turned, a slide dropped into place behind the lens, I focused, and there, in an instant, 30 years were wiped away and the father of my youth was smiling back at me from the wall.

Someone, perhaps my mother, perhaps I, had taken the camera away from him—a rare occurrence in itself—and made him stand still for a shot. His face was square and large, with wide-set eyes and a shock of dark hair across his broad forehead. The smile seemed to consume the face, seemed to be him, rather than part of him. It did not end at the eyes which sparked with mirth, nor with the crow's-foot crinkles that spread from the side of either eye, nor with the flared nostrils in that solid nose, nor with the tongue that darted from that slightly open, upturned mouth. The smile seemed rather to continue over the whole huge frame of the man, into his powerful shoulders and body, even into his hands. The background of the picture was nondescript; I could not tell whether it was hill or mountain or sea country. But by that smile, so relaxed, so outgoing, so filled with pride and vigor and warmth, I could tell he was somewhere in his country.

For hours I watched those slides that evening, and for the next few days I continued to project and study and take delight in all those images out of my past. They helped create a special picture of my father—my gossamer memories suddenly given vivid shape and form and color. After watching the slides, something of my father seemed alive again in me, something of his need for big land, his love of the wild, his belief in the recuperative powers of physical exertion.

To him, the mountains were spired kingdoms

He hated with a passion cities, pavement, signboards—any foolish thing that man had done that got in the way of how the world was made in the first place. He absolutely refused to stay overnight in the city where he worked, saying he couldn't breathe in there, he needed the clear air of the hill. His country was ponds and lakes and rushing streams and waterfalls and mountains. The mountains we traveled to in his short summer vacations were spired kingdoms to him, and we climbed them, through the thick trees at the base, pumping away as the trees grew shorter, finally breaking tree line, on the base rock now, up pinnacles and cones of rock, stopping every once in a while to throw off our backpacks and pant and moan and slap water on our faces from a brook in a crevasse or a summit lake, my brother and I almost dying of exhaustion, and my father waiting for us to get back up, lighting his pipe, never seeming to need a rest at all, not even out of breath, not even puffing.

His country was vast ranges of mountains, of dawn making a jagged black line out of distant peaks; of a white lake of tufted clouds floating below us as we stood lords of a summit; of a streak of wind-whipped rain racing over the shine of an icy mountain lake; of mist-wrapped mountainsides; of cold blue days when the wind took the few white cloud balls over the mountains like missiles, making the cloud shadows race over the peaks, sudden fleeting eclipses of silver.

His country was the Adirondacks, the "cloud-splitter" Mount Marcy, MacIntyre, Whiteface, Giant. Or it was the White Mountains, the Presidential Range—Jefferson, Adams, Washington, Lincoln. By taking us there and teaching us how to climb and making us feel our

calves and thighs fill with agony on a steep trail and pack straps cut into our shoulders and breath come short, and showing us how to wait for second wind, and the thrill of reaching a summit, he made his country our country.

In the White Mountains it was Lafayette, too, and Zeeland Falls where mountain water came down the black boulders in sizzling, shouting white spouts or spread out shallow over the wide yellow rocks with hardly a sound, or fell plunk from a precipice to a pool below that could be dived into from suicide heights, heart stopping completely on the way down, smacking the surface of the water, arrowing in, down, down into the temple-freezing pool, rising back, finally breaking water feet-first so a corpse would appear to be coming up, my father standing on the side of the rock waterfall pool and calling, "You fool, you're going to break your neck," but smiling pride all the time he said it.

'My poor brother,' I yelled. 'What have I done?'

His country was lakes of blue-white fog, lying in the valleys of an early morning, or the sun setting hot and red behind a cold blue peak. His country was sudden sheer dropoffs, and my brother and I made the best of them, running ahead and finding one coming that looked as if it sheered right down five thousand feet. Actually hidden from view would be a large ledge a few feet down for safe landing. Once my brother and I decided to scare our father with a ledge fight, so we started fake wrestling on a dangerous-looking cliff, and as soon as he came round the bend in the trail, I hauled back and took a wild swing at my brother, missing his jaw by a quarter inch. My brother staggered back, seemed to lose his footing and went right off the precipice backwards with a terrible scream that kept on even after he had disappeared but then faded off to a valley of silence.

I struck a pose of horror. My father was approaching, mouthing oaths—you damn fool boys, things like that. Had we finally pierced his thick hide and struck some terror into his heart? He seemed impervious, whatever lengths we took to scare him. For this was not the way he saw himself or his sons dying. He had been doing things like that all his life, and now so had we, that was part of us. Death or mutilation was simply out of the question—we were too strong and too fast and too good with our reflexes to have stupid fatal accidents.

At home, sometimes, sitting in his big armchair by the fire, my father's eyes could grow gray and sad as he considered his life. Certainly he had worries, but he was never sad or fearful on our trips. Rough, big, clean, virgin country did something for his soul which made him full of courage and laughter, and cares were thrown to the wind. His country tested his mettle and made his body strain to its limits and left him wonderfully exhausted at the end of a day, as he always thought a day should end, with something difficult accomplished, something hard and huge surmounted. No, in his country we couldn't frighten a single bone in his body, however devious the plans my brother and I came up with.

"My poor brother," I yelled. "What have I done?" Maybe this was pouring it on a little thick. It was hard to keep a straight face. So up came my brother's face, peeping over the fake cliff, and our father growled a lit-

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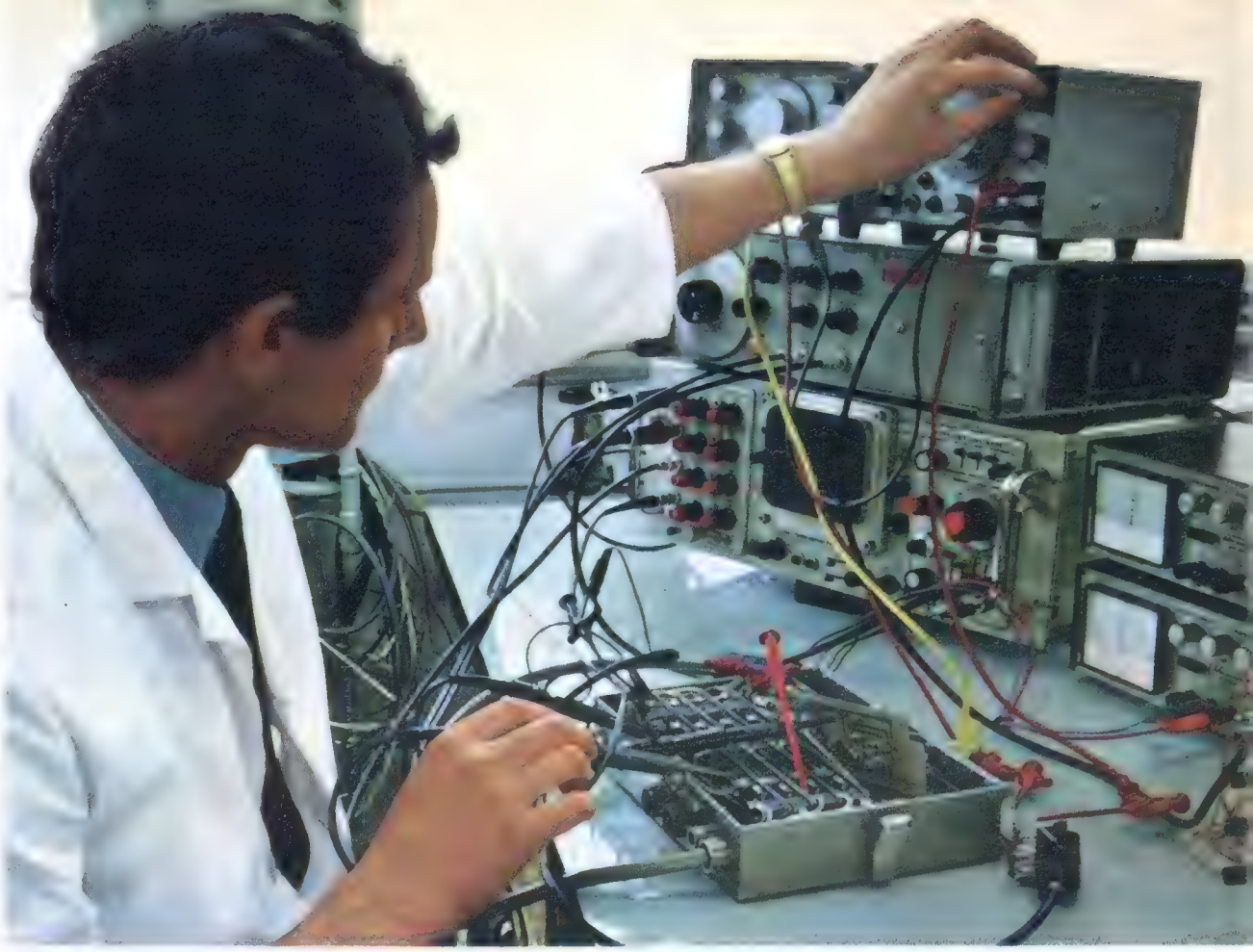
Computer for better braking. Computers will play important roles in cars of the future. One possibility: an electronically controlled system to regulate braking power. By precisely applying brake pressure, such a system could eliminate locking-up of wheels even in panic stops. In photo, technician works with small computers — the "nerve center" of such a system. Computers like this may some day be standard equipment in all automobiles.



Radar at work on the test track: What happens in those short seconds between hitting the brake pedal and a complete standstill? At the Mercedes-Benz test track, radar beams measure each fraction of a second of this process and record it. Exact knowledge gained is the basis for future progress.

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tle at us and told us that someday we were going to give him apoplexy. But the trouble with warnings like that was that round the next bend or over the next boulder, he might be pulling the next hokum. We called it "jouing the fou"—just being idiots together—and we were jouing the fou, all three of us, all the time, all over those mountains during those summers.

We gave nicknames to other hikers we passed on the trails or met at the huts along the Presidential and Franconia ranges. Black Underwear was a squat little man who actually wore pitch-black undershorts; we saw them when he was changing for a swim. The Boy Who Wasn't Particular was called that because of the horrible-looking girl he had—he showed us a picture of her—and he was going to run all the way down Lafayette for a date with her that night. We met a nice man named Harold who was doing the Presidential Range alone, so we hooked up together, but the three of us just couldn't call our new friend Harold, he looked too much like another man named George we knew, so we called Harold George behind his back for a few days, along with a lot of hysterical giggling and finally we just came out and told him he looked too much like George not to be George.

George was a little surprised when he first saw the three of us go through our burp routine. We were all resting beside a stream, ladling up water in our hands and having an ice-cold drink, when my father chimed in with a long, rolling, delicious beauty of a belch that even had an echo to it. "Hundy!" the cry rang out from my brother and me in unison. We said it before our father had said "No Hundy," and that meant we could pummel our vile father with muscle punches, really hard ones with the knuckle of the middle finger out if we felt like it and we didn't have to let up until he had said the names of six kinds of dogs. All this nonsense was named after Hundred, our old pointer.

My father would usually sit there and take it as he thought up dogs with names like Afghanistan or Welsh Terrier, shrugging off our blows all the time as if we were nothing more than flies batting him with our wings. But when my brother or I was the burper caught red-handed by a lightning fast "Hundy" and on the receiving end of some machine-gun arm work, we had the six dogs down to a science. Peke, Dane, Pug, Chow, Bull, Toy! A mere six syllables and even they could be shortened to a slurring "pig-gly-boy."

George caught on pretty soon and didn't mind a sudden Hundy outbreak, but usually only the three of us knew about it, my father and my brother and me and that was OK alone or in the mountains or off fishing, but maybe a little peculiar on a train to the city or on the sidewalks of our town—to suddenly have a father whacking away at his son's arm or vice versa with a lot of laughing and crying out in mock pain and strange language thrown in.

Huddled against the cold, I poked on the projector light

Two weeks before Christmas I was home from the hospital. My family shopped and saw friends while I puttered about the house, went through old papers and photographs, reread old letters. At night I felt weak and fell asleep soon after the sun had gone down. But by 2:30 or 3 o'clock in the morning, when the blood runs slowest and the dark and the quiet and the cold and the

loneness come together, I was ready to get up. Each morning I watched dawn come, watched the black of the east turn to a blue-black, so that the invisible pine branches outside my study window suddenly became delicate dark tracings. A few looks later the east was silver and the pines were green again and the blood of the house was renewing its normal pulse and flow.

On one of my early-rising, prowling mornings, I got the urge to see some of the old pictures again—I had gone through them too fast in the hospital—so I set my projector on our kitchen table, propped it up with a lump of sugar so it would shine on a clear spot on the kitchen wall and then, huddled against the 4 a.m. cold of the house, I poked on the projector light and slowly began revisiting another part of my father's country, where he had lived his best fishing years. These had been in the early 1930s, when out of her earnings from her children's books, my mother had given him the best birthday present he ever got, better even than the bees she had given him which brought him honey and delight for decades. This present was a membership in a fishing club which owned the headwaters of the famous trout river in the Catskills—the Beaverkill. From then on, he spent most of his summer vacations there and many of his weekends.

Lord of a summit atop the clouds

I watched as he worked the water, deadly serious

Friday evenings after work, along with my mother, or one or two of us, or some close friends, he would take the three-hour drive from our hill up into the Catskills, and after a black, bumpy, last hour over a steep, rutted dirt road, he would arrive at the farmhouse that acted as the lodge for the club members. He would be up at dawn, taking pictures of the mist rising off the lake below the house, trying to catch in the background the speck of a moose having a morning drink at the far end of the lake. He would be laying out his gear, greasing his line, testing his leaders, picking his favorite flies for the day. He always took his little camera with him to the river to record any particularly lovely sites he might run into, a stretch of water he liked, a certain pool, to make a picture of the catch at the end of the day, the fish taken from their wrapping of wet ferns and placed in a row in the grass or on a rock.

It was so much his country, that trout stream, the way the water locked thinly over yellow pebbles, how a rock ledge fell to the water's edge and made a secret hiding place beneath it for a fish, how the midday sun turned the dry rocks on the banks of the stream white and the trees a bright white-green and how noon seemed to still the waters and kept the trout from rising. How deep was the droplet of a lake that fed the stream, how ruffled just before a storm, how black and still at dusk with a sudden plop of a rise to break the smooth mirror with widening circles into the blackness. How sunlight looked stretching through the arch of heavy trees, the water lit by occasional smoky spotlights, turning the brown to glassy yellow, turning the dark ferns on the bank a bright feathery green, turning slabs of bank-rock to aluminum, making a trunk gold, changing a fast open stretch to quicksilver.

He took us there to the headwaters of the Beaverkill and taught us how to cast and how to strike a trout and how to play him and land him without a net and how to kill him clean and fast if he was definitely a keeper —something special—and how to unhook him and let him go if he wasn't.

We would fish apart on different beats of the stream, and my father would always bid my brother and me farewell by wishing us "tight line." Sometimes I would fish a beat without any luck at all and my mind would wander away from fish and nets and flies and I would find myself whipping the water with my line, scaring any nice rainbow or brown that might be waiting below surface and soon out of carelessness my line would get tangled in a tree.

Fed up and tired, I would fold up early and come sneaking upstream on my father, so he had no idea I was in the neighborhood and I would sit on a bank downstream from him and just watch as he worked the water, deadly serious, stopping now to change a fly, now to dip a soggy one in his little glass bottle of home-mixed paraffin and gasoline to make it float. I would watch him spy a deep pool underneath an overhanging stump, see him wading up on it to get it in range, see him wipe a thumb over his tongue in anticipation, the water coursing past his bare legs and soaking the bottoms of his khaki shorts, his sneakered feet searching for firm footing.

How could a man, I wondered, be so absorbed with a stretch of stream and a little invisible fish that probably wasn't even there? Why would he put up with the cold of the water for so long and the slimy, stony bottom that stubbed toes and stumbled legs? How could he evacuate from his mind all other thoughts for hours on end, focusing only on the possibilities of what his line and fly and skill and cunning could lure from the shining waters? It was his medicine, I guess, just as the mountains had been. It was his cure for the disease of the marketplace in which he worked, his magic herb to heal the wounds from all that smoky city worry, all that pavement-elevator-office-telephone tedium. But it was more than medicine. It was his religion. God did not

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dwell in cities. He inhabited the wilds, and it was His water rushing by, His fish hiding under the bubbly spill or hugging the side of a sluiceway, and it was His man with rod and fly in the late afternoon sun. The stalk was a rite. Anything less than deadly concentration would have been an act of heresy.

I would watch now as the line began to sizzle in the air in great looping sweeps, and when he had enough line out to reach the pool, he suddenly flicked his wrist again and the fly settled over the dark hole without a ripple. He never even noticed the horde of gnats around his head or the late-afternoon sun working over his bare back. He never took his eyes from the pool, from the fly floating gently back toward him now, and he frowned, so intense was his expectation of something big to come, not just any old fish, but a big and smart one who would not be fooled by just any old fly alighting on the evening dinner-table water, a great one that might hide all day in the shadows, waiting in the cold deep for the perfect meal, the perfect fly, and perfect wings and landing and skitter over the water of the pool before making the charge for it and even then a fish so smart, so old and wise, that it would give the fly a whack with its tail first to see if it was real, and then my father would whip the rod back again, as if the fly had actually felt the whack of the tail and taken off—and his wrist would work the rod a few times, the wood of the rod gold in the late evening sun, the line a string of yellow sizzling off it back and forth across the water, the leader coming off the line invisible except when sun glinted it silver, the fly searching, stretching, stopping in midflight as the cast was finally made, the fly descending now in a perfect, parachutelike sail down for a quiet landing just where the tail had plopped a moment before, sitting there proudly, that royal coachman of the evening. Then suddenly the strike. A tight line, a bent rod, a darting shadow across the dappled stream, as the reel whirred out line and my father trembled at the wonder of it all.

The fierce sad streak of evening sun

Yesterday's images grew even dimmer on the wall

Dawn arrived as I watched those images of my life, his life, against my kitchen wall, and with it, those images became lighter, less defined, the colors faded. In the last few moments before the sun rose and began streaming its winter beams through the kitchen window and onto the wall, obliterating my past completely, I flashed out a few pictures from way far back, ten years before the Beaverkill, the summer months in Maine. The house was warm now. I threw off the coat I had wrapped myself in and two or three times I got up to touch a spot on the wall where a sailboat was flying before the wind, or to pick out a person with my finger, someone I had forgotten had ever lived. I even talked aloud, calling out a name when I felt like it. Was this a last, desperate look at life, was it holding on? Was it wanting to feel, to touch, to have, to be? Yesterday's images grew even dimmer on the wall as the sun glinted through the window. Still I could make them out, the Maine vacations. Yes, his country was coastline, too. Was ocean. Was island off the coast of Maine where my father took us for his two weeks of vacation, we staying on for five or six weeks with my mother, he commuting there on weekends. That wasn't easy. Monday through Thursday night he lived alone on the hill, working all week in the steaming city of New York, working at his job in the woolen industry, and then on Friday evenings he would throw the cloth aside and get into his car and start out for Maine. There were no superhighways then, no turnpikes, just Route 1, and he churned along with the trucks for 14 straight hours, all night long, aiming for Maine. What could he have thought of during those hours? As all that dark road got eaten up, time after time, his headlights piercing through Connecticut, up through Massachusetts, slicing past a corner of New Hampshire, on into Maine itself, twisting along the coastline, through the little towns that bordered the sea, watching the sun rise over Brunswick or Bath or Boothbay Harbor or Penobscot Bay? Did he think of us, nestled in our island beds, waiting for his Saturday morning arrival? Was he ever frightened by the distance or the dark? Did he once think of death? Or did he just enjoy the coming, the feat of the journey, the extent of the physical exertion?

He arrived in the nick of time to catch the Saturday morning ferry, and we would meet him at the dock at eight, his smile looking as if he'd slept the whole night, although he'd only snatched a catnap on the boat.

The weekend would be freezing swims and howling sails and suckholes deep in the rocks spraying their whale-spout surf into the sky, and fierce caps of white water on a windy sea, and seaweed, and barnacles and blueberries and pine and the blue rage of a high wind. And finally, the fierce, sad streak of the Sunday evening sun coming at us out of the west over the quieting waters as the ferry left and we watched his wave until it was a speck, giving our waves back with all our might, as he was off for another all-night drive, 14 more hours, to be back in the city in time for Monday work.

He left us with his country when he went, and it became ours always. ■

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Indigestion on the turnpike

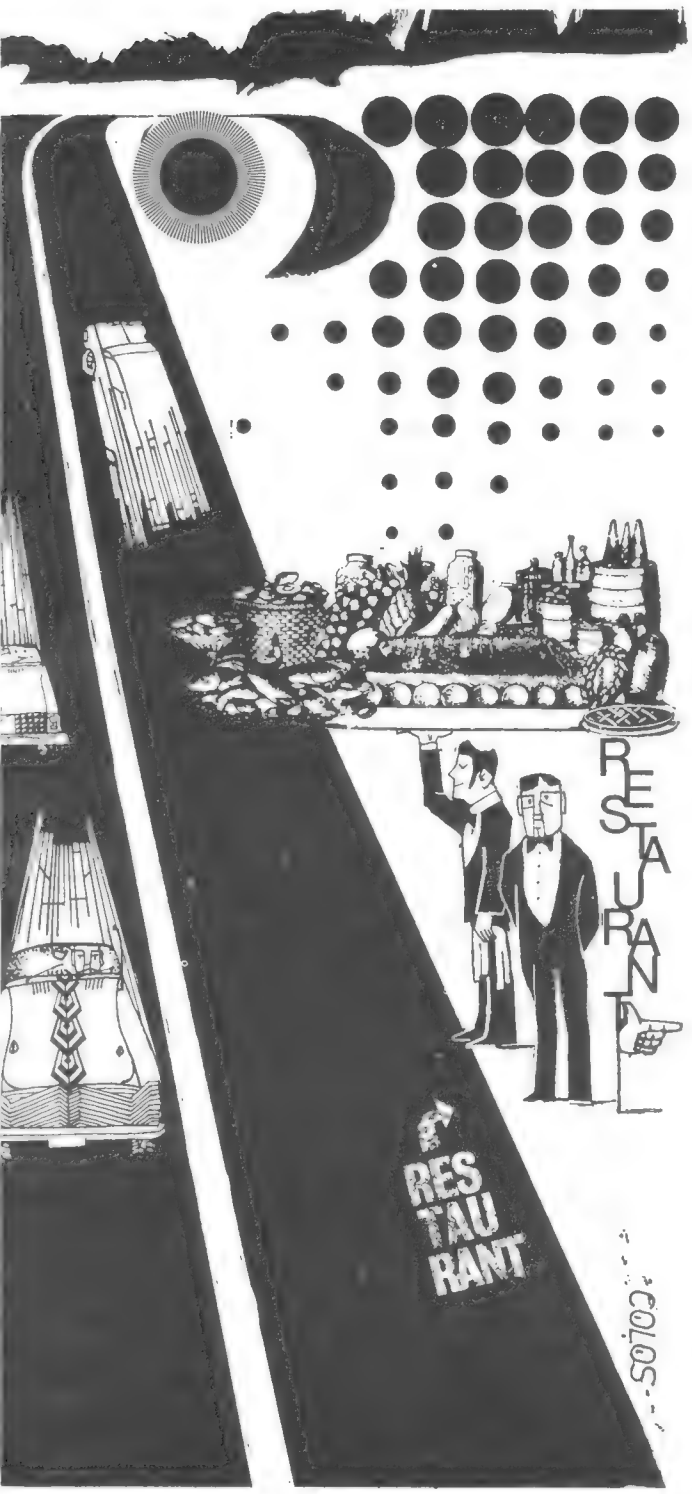
HIGHWAY EATING

The end of summer nears. I realize with awe that I have somehow survived its wanderlust and the attendant insults of hit-the-thruway-itis. Mostly it hurts when I swallow. Some people have normal everyday recurring nightmares like drowning in a tidal wave or being pursued by apes and sex fiends or wandering naked through a meeting of the local PTA.

My recurring nightmare is crueler.

I dream I have been sentenced to drive forever along the Connecticut Turnpike. All exits have been sealed in concrete and I am doomed for an uncertain term to feed at the eight Holiday Houses between Stamford and Madison till at last I perish of sensory insult.

My dream is only slightly exaggerated. We are all prisoners of the turnpike, captives of the limited-oasis thruway with commissary franchises, held by the most irresistible bidder: Howard Johnson, Restaurant Associates, Fred Harvey. We motor along the toll roads of America, seeking a beacon of E*A*T*S to ease the pangs of hunger, fatigue and ennui and settling too often for heartburn, frustration and despair. To cook is human; to digest, divine.



My late Uncle Max always advised: "On the road, eat only corn flakes." His prudence is affirmed by specters of *haute* turnpike dining.

Supper at the Holiday House on the Connecticut Turnpike near Stamford, with the help-yourself condiment counter looking like an abstract *Rape of the Sabine Women;* the French toast semi-Frenched, home fries steamed in grease.

The ubiquitous shredded, compressed, reconstituted "Veal Steak Italienne." Howard Johnson on the New Jersey Turnpike smothered its afghan of veal in watery tomato sauce.

Equally demoralizing: Holiday House cafeteria at Darien, Conn., with sopping wet trays, on one a welcoming crinkle-cut potato, seduced and abandoned; the checkout clerk, who managed to chew gum, yawn and scratch her armpit in one continuous surrealistic gesture; and poetic busboys, long-haired and distracted. Belatedly, one lad cleared our table, leaving chewed-out bubble gum in the ashtray. Dessert was a mess of mucilage: unidentifiable pie, carrot-orange, proved to be apricot, crust tasting of paper.

And everywhere, that insidious orange guck popularly accepted as salad dressing, waterlogged vegetables, the fill 'em up Parker House rolls with less taste appeal than surgical cotton. Everywhere too, the shock of recognition: dinners that look as unlike real food as the illustration in the menu; desserts in pop art hues, more edible than plaster of Paris, not nearly as interesting as sculpture by Claes Oldenburg.

Here and there we wept gratefully over small pleasures, the nicely flavored potato salad at the Darien Holiday House, and a miniplastic dish of a pleasant tapioca pudding.

Often on the highway, weary and wary, we spurn the unknown and cheerfully drive on for the promise of a Howard Johnson's and its familiar *déjà vu*. HoJo's has a warmly reassuring predictability. It is predictably clean, predictably carpeted, predictably low-brow, predictably mediocre, predictably turquoise and orange. Most of us know the menu by heart from childhood and the temptation of its takeout candy, cavities across the miles. We cherish memories of super baked beans in their own little bean pots, a sinfully rich chocolate fudge cake, beautifully flavored ice cream.

Unfortunately, Howard Johnson's on the New Jersey Turnpike is a shabby orphan of the mighty clan. The ice cream roster has been pruned to a puny 11 flavors. No buttercrunch! The carry-out hot dog is shriveled, its bun unbuttered and unwarmed. Our waitress at the Thomas A. Edison turnpike HoJo was willing but disorganized, remembering to clear away the appetizers only after delivering dessert. Fried potatoes were soggy. Chicken pot pie was generously laced with stringy meat and carrots and potatoes steamed near disintegration. Filling the cola glass more than half full of ice seemed like overreaching.

"We know we have problems," conceded Howard Johnson's executive chef Pierre Franey, charming, humble and candid over a fine lunch of littlenecks Corsini and *ris de veau Clamart*. Needless to say, we did not meet at Howard Johnson's. In the day of Le Pavillon's undisputed glory as the finest French restaurant in America, M. Franey ruled the kitchen, creating gossamer *mousse de sole*, draped in two sauces, studded with lobster and truffle. He was such a perfectionist he would pass his thumb along the plates as they returned to the kitchen, brooding if salt had been added. Now, as Howard Johnson's chef, Franey lives with reality. "Turnpike turnover is impossible to predict," he explained. "A holiday, an accident or a storm can change everything. Help is mostly part-time and may come from miles away. A truck driver won't wait five minutes for his frankfurter to be grilled in butter. And there isn't much demand for ginger ice cream . . . so we limit the turnpike to the most popular flavors." HoJo's clam snips, dipped in milk and breaded, are trucked across the continent frozen, ready to be thawed and deep-fried. "Clams that way taste terrific," Pierre said. "But if someone decides to fry them hours ahead . . ." He shook his head sadly. "We ship the cole slaw dressing and the formula per pound of cabbage. The problem is what they do with it."

Reality requires Pierre to woo the American family. He is pleased that Americans accepted his Beef Burgundy at HoJo's. It is stewed in California wine. "We always used California wines for the *bourguignonne* at Le Pavillon," he confides. Alas, his curry did not take and his sauerkraut failed the HoJo taste test.

No doubt many Americans are blissfully content with turnpike fare. It isn't easy to wean a youngster fixated on hamburgers and French fries with catsup. If you can't get a trucker to wait five minutes for a butter-grilled frank, he'll never linger for a soufflé.

So I don't expect *mousse de sole* on the Massachusetts Turnpike. But how about a hearty seafood stew? Even the most sophisticated palate, pampered by fois gras and double consommés and caviar at $12 a bite, may yearn for fiery chili or a crisp potato pancake.

We get what we deserve. Once, HoJo's substituted plastic plants for real ones. There were so many complaints the plastic greenery was banished. Doesn't anyone complain about ersatz veal?

I suppose state turnpike authorities mean well. All this monster bureaucracy from these carefully supervised monopolies is designed to protect us from the unscrupulous 50-cents-a-cup coffee holdup. "Price and Portion Controlled by Thruway Authority" says the fine print on Hot Shoppes' menu. But we've been brainwashed by the practical planners into expecting nothing more than mediocrity and are too disheartened to howl when we get even less.

Would it really be so subversive to throw the nation's arterial digestive rights up for grabs and let competition and free enterprise fight it out down to the last deep-fried onion ring?

Well, maybe it wouldn't be as neat.

by Gael Greene

Miss Greene's next book will be a cautionary guide to New York restaurants.

Bring home a broad-minded Swede for fun!

Any fool can build a big, beautiful car that costs the world to run. But it takes more than money to make a great car. Like the broad-minded Saab from Sweden.

Instead of blowing our own trumpet about the virtues of this unconventional front wheel driven car, we'd like to quote some of the most critical car critics. And present their unbiased, straight-forward opinion of Saab. And its safety concept.

When it comes to fuel economy, the Saab 99 places among the very best of comparable cars. At a constant 100 kph (62 mph), an average of 27 miles per gallon was recorded and at 120 kph (75 mph) the corresponding figure was 22 mpg.

(ROAD & TRACK, U.S.A., January 1969.)

Like the 96, the 99 feels an immensely solid, one-piece car which torsional stiffness figures confirm it to be. It rides comfortably on well damped springs, very little in the way of undue jolting or harshness penetrating the well insulated body. Pot-hole thump is particulary well isolated, the absence of any banging and crashing of the suspension and tyres emphasizing the feeling of strength and refinement.

(MOTOR, Great Britain, November 1969.)

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(CAR and DRIVER, U.S.A., April 1970.)

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In a waterway along the Florida coast near Fort Lauderdale, the once proud ocean liner *Queen Elizabeth* waits and rusts (right). In the two years since her retirement she has become little more than a pawn in the scramble for control of the choice waterfront property she is tied to. This month, her latest owners bankrupt, the *Elizabeth*—either whole or in parts—will be put up for sale at public auction.

A noble vessel wallows FINAL

by GREG WALTER

toward an ignoble end

INSULTS TO THE QUEEN

We proclaim our belief that by the grace of God and by man's patience and goodwill, order may yet be brought out of confusion and peace out of turmoil. With that hope and prayer in our hearts we send forth upon her mission this noble ship.

The year was 1938, the speaker was Queen Elizabeth of England (now the Queen Mother), and the "noble ship" sliding down the ways in front of her was the ocean liner bearing her name. A glorious career lay ahead: heroism as a troop carrier ferrying nearly a million GIs to Europe and back during World War II, grandeur as the most luxurious ship afloat when the war was over. For more than 20 years the very rich would stride her polished decks, stewards with impeccable manners would serve Singapore slings and Pimm's Cup to tycoons and dowagers, lovers would dance to the music of "the tuneful '30s" in the Midships bar. And when her end came, it would of course come with dignity.

That was the idea, anyway. But it hasn't worked out as planned. This month in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., the *Elizabeth* and everything in her—"Gear, Fittings, Quality Objects of Art, Fine Furniture"—comes up for auction. That sounds final and perhaps it is. In any case, the auction is the latest in a series of insults that began in 1968 and have so far involved one millionaire, a variety of fast-buck speculators, the governor of Florida and the Cunard Steam-

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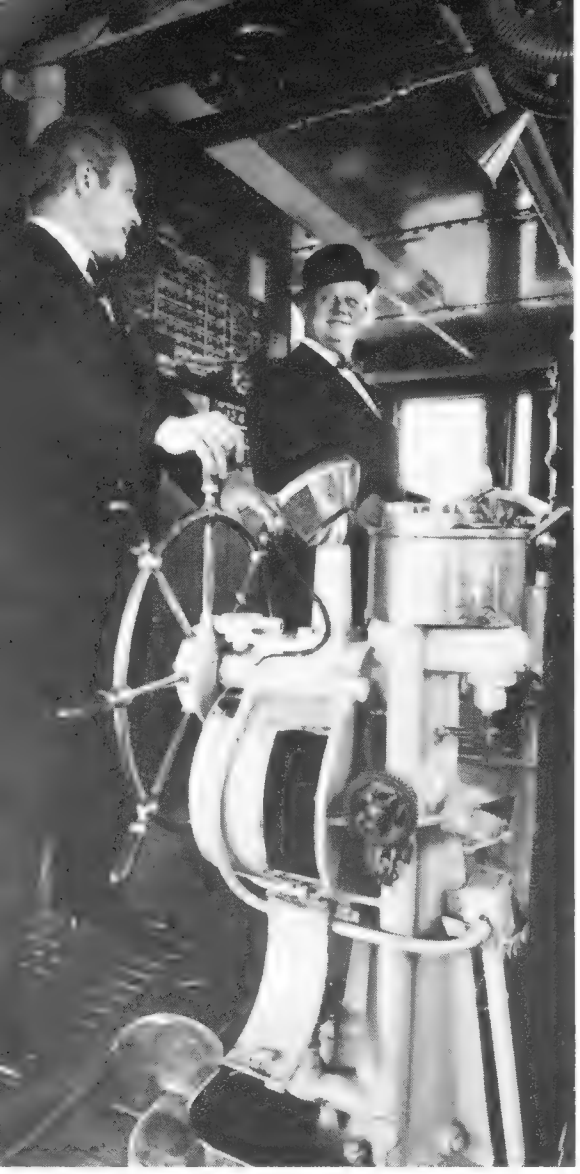


After they bought the *Elizabeth* in 1968, the three "bouncy guys from Philadelphia," as the London press described them, zestfully enjoyed the prerogatives of ownership. At left, Robert Miller and Charles Williard have a go at the ship's wheel. Above, silver-haired Stanton Miller is met by an entourage as he arrives in Florida to negotiate a land lease.

CONTINUED

ship Company, Ltd. Instead of being allowed to slip peacefully and with grace into that Great Anchorage in the Sky, the *Elizabeth* has become the focus of money-grubbing efforts whose lack of dignity is matched only by their lack of success.

That the glory had to stop for the *Elizabeth* was clear when, in 1967, Cunard announced ominously: "We do not intend to operate passenger ships just because they exist." By this time jet aircraft had made it plain that there was no other reason to operate huge passenger ships. So Cunard set out to clear its decks. First the *Elizabeth*'s sister ship *Queen Mary* was sold for $3.4 million to a group of American investors who moored her in Long Beach, Calif. and proceeded to turn her into a floating museum and hotel, the centerpiece of a still unfinished oceanside recreation complex which so far has cost at least $30 million. Then Cunard cast about for a suitable buyer for the *Elizabeth*. Not just anyone would do, of course. After all, this was the ship that had been called "Britain's Masterpiece." In April 1968, after a "careful sifting" of potential purchasers, Cunard was able to announce that a proper home for the *Elizabeth* had been found in Philadelphia.

The price was a substantial $7.75 million and the new owners a trio of local businessmen who impressed the London *Daily Mirror* as "tanned, bouncy guys who intend squeezing a bundle of fun out of the old Lizzie. . . . There's a panache, a heedless zest about the three which makes success boringly inevitable. . . ." In some respects the *Daily Mirror* was right on the mark, especially the part about "squeezing a bundle" out of the *Elizabeth*. And if the comment about the boring inevitability of success seems unfortunate in retrospect, at the time it made sense. The buyers looked plausible enough.

Charles F. Williard was a 61-year-old millionaire Philadelphia contractor, a round and jolly fellow who got some immediate satisfactions from the $600,000 he put into the venture (the only cash any of the three ever expended on the ship). Soon after the deal was signed Williard began wearing a bowler hat and carrying a tightly rolled black umbrella. His companions in the group were Stanton Miller and his brother Robert.

Now 43, Stanton Miller bears the nickname "The Silver Fox," in part because of his handsome head of hair, in part because of his ability to move fast in unexpected directions. He makes no secret of his connections, which range from highly placed politicians to low-level gangsters, and he is a master promoter with a tongue as silver as the hair on his head. (His enthusiasm has sometimes got the better of him, however: he was once indicted for embezzlement, although the case was later dropped, and he has been known to inform his enemies that they might soon find themselves wearing "cement shoes.")

It was Stanton Miller who apparently convinced Cunard that the Philadelphia trio (or "C.B.S.," as they liked to call themselves, for Charlie, Bob and Stan) should get the *Elizabeth*. It was Stanton Miller and his brother Bob who set out, just as soon as the bill of sale was signed in London, to convince Philadelphia that the ship would be a great thing to have around. This was easy, because Philadelphia has never had as much luck with tourism as it feels it deserves. Besides, it all sounded so splendid. Surrounding the vessel on its marshland mooring site near Philadelphia International Airport would be an "Eighth Wonder of the World" complex. Stanton Miller assured the city that he had contracted the services of a top design firm. (An investigative report later published in *Philadelphia* magazine revealed that the top design firm consisted of two salesmen accustomed to dealing in rugs and used cars. But that was later.)

Problems soon arose. The Millers had neglected to check with the Army Corps of Engineers about the problems involved in bringing an 83,000-ton ship up the Delaware River. Among other hazards, the river is only 40 feet deep at its deepest, and the *Elizabeth* draws 39½ feet. No docking arrangements had been made at the mooring site. And contrary to the Millers' rosy assumption, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania declined to build an access road to the site from a nearby highway.

Undaunted, Stanton Miller took the offensive. If the state wouldn't cooperate, he

A fast switch from Philadelphia to Florida

couldn't care less—he would take the *Elizabeth* elsewhere. Miller and Williard were soon back in London. There, as they later explained, they just happened to run into Governor Claude Kirk of Florida, who just happened to offer them 100 acres of choice public land near Fort Lauderdale if they would bring the *Elizabeth* to his state.

Actually this chapter in the tale had been in the making for some time. The group already had in hand a letter of intent from the governing commission of Port Everglades to lease them the land they wanted on the Intracoastal Waterway. But to show they were ready for the big leagues, the Miller brothers vigorously entertained their new friend the governor, picking up his tab at Fort Lauderdale's posh Pier 66 Hotel. The Millers put Kirk's father, Claude Sr., on the payroll at $18,000 a year, duties unspecified. They also hired the minority leader of the Florida House, then a political

Governor Claude Kirk encouraged the Millers to bring the *Elizabeth* to Florida "for the good of the state." The Port Everglades Authority subsequently leased 135 acres of prime public land to them for the project.

ally of Kirk's, to handle their legal affairs.

While all this was going on, the *Elizabeth* was making her last few melancholy runs across the North Atlantic, perfectly unaware of what lay in wait. Even as sentimentalists sipped their 11 a.m. bouillon and reminisced about other days and other crossings, Stanton Miller and his associates were projecting new aspects of empire based upon the precious tract of land where the *Queen Elizabeth* would come to rest. The land belonged to the people of Florida. In fact they had just purchased it with a huge bond issue. But, conveniently enough, it was up to the five-man commission of the Port Everglades Authority to lease it, and in August 1968 they did. The Philadelphia trio got a 50-year contract for the use of not just 100, but 135 acres of land with the first four years free.

It is worth noting that three days before signing that contract, Stanton Miller had signed another one. This first contract stated that revenues from the parking lot to be built for visitors to the *Queen Elizabeth* would be split 60-40 between the Philadelphians and an outfit called Heatherstone Enterprises, Ltd. Heatherstone Enterprises happened to consist of the manager of Port Everglades and three of the five Port Everglades commissioners. (The commissioners subsequently denied any knowledge of Heatherstone.)

There was, however, one hitch in the land-lease agreement. It stipulated that the *Elizabeth* had to be permanently berthed at the site by November 1969. But at this point the ship hadn't even been paid for. The Miller group had failed to make the $5.7 million payment due in July 1968. Gentlemanlike, Cunard extended the date to Nov. 1. But when the Millers failed to make *that* deadline, too, Cunard stoically announced it would form a corporation of its own to run the ship as a Florida tourist attraction. The Philadelphians would keep a 15% interest, said Cunard, but would have no part in running the show.

So instructions went out to Commodore Geoffrey Thrippleton Marr, veteran skipper of the *Elizabeth*. Now was the time: head for Florida. On Dec. 8, 1968, after a demeaning day spent sailing up and down the coast within sight of tourist-speckled beaches while the channel was being dredged out, the *Elizabeth* sailed slowly into Port Everglades inlet. High above, in a series of luxurious suites at the Pier 66 Hotel that overlooks the mooring, the Millers were throwing a champagne party. It was almost as if they were still in charge—as indeed they were.

At this point everything should have steamed ahead nicely, but instead questions cropped up. A new Port Everglades commission had been elected, and one member, a 37-

After he tried to get the Millers' land lease canceled, Port Everglades Commissioner Phil McConaghey lost his engineering job, an event he blames on his opposition to the deal.

year-old electrical engineer named W. Phil McConaghey, started poking around behind the scenes. What he found, including the Heatherstone contract, caused him to try to get the land lease canceled. His efforts were not appreciated by other members and he failed, but not before a whiff of the scandal reached the local papers.

Meanwhile the *Elizabeth*, her image damaged by the publicity and her paintwork by the salt tides of the inlet, lay stolidly waiting. Cunard continued to pay the upkeep, but less and less willingly. By June of 1969 the steamship company had had enough. It declared the ship up for sale again, and if nobody bought her by July 11, Cunard would prepare to sail her back to England. Considering that most of her boilers were inoperative, this was a brave but rather empty threat.

Lesser men might have given up at this point, but Miller and his associates had friends who were also ship-fanciers—or at least were well aware of the value of 135 acres of prime Florida real estate. Those friends had already formed a small company in Philadelphia called Utilities Leasing Corporation, whose purpose was stated to be "leasing utilities to various industrial corporations." On that basis investors bought $7.84 million worth of Utilities Leasing stock when it went public in February 1969. Company executives, however, were soon to put the funds at their disposal to a different use. They waited for three months, then formed a second company with a more provocative name: The Queen, Ltd. Three days before Cunard's deadline, The Queen, Ltd. (in the person of a New York state senator and se-

CONTINUED

Using the Queen as a 'catalyst' leads to bankruptcy

CONTINUED

curities lawyer named Jack Bronston) appeared before the Port Everglades Authority and disclosed a plan to buy the ship for $8.6 million. Financing, Bronston explained, would come from a major life insurance company. He assured the commissioners that although the Millers and Williard would still be involved, their interest would be limited to 15%. Within a week the proposal had been approved by port commissioners and accepted, presumably with relief, by Cunard.

Anyone who thought the *Elizabeth* had found a proper owner at last was soon disabused. The financing arrangements evaporated. The Miller-Williard interest turned out to be not 15% but 42%, making them equal partners in Queen, Ltd. with Utilities Leasing. From behind his screen of corporate kelp swam the shape of yet another Philadelphia operator, 35-year-old David Neifeld, a long-time associate of the Miller brothers. A vice president and director of Utilities Leasing, Neifeld was now a vice president of Queen, Ltd. with some very big ideas of his own, backed up by the fact that more than 70% of the assets of Utilities Leasing had been committed to Queen, Ltd., including a $5.1 million loan.

Neifeld's scheme had the virtue of complexity, if nothing else. Queen, Ltd. would float a stock issue worth $13 million. Utilities Leasing would get its $5.1 million back, plus 12½% interest. The balance owed Cunard would be paid off. The *Elizabeth*, now free and clear, would be an asset (or, as Neifeld described her recently to a prospective investor, a "catalyst"), useful in attracting more loans to develop the land originally leased to the Millers. A still better word would have been "pawn."

For it soon became clear that the old ship could not compare in importance to the 135 acres of prime Florida land. In the months that followed, the air was full of large talk about developers and investors. The expense accounts were equally full of large entries for Cadillacs and drivers, for first-class plane tickets, for travel and entertainment expenses. There was a $10,000 down payment on an $18,000 Rolls-Royce. And—incredibly—an old Philadelphia crony of Neifeld and the Millers got a $258,000 "finder's fee" for introducing Queen, Ltd. officials to the *Queen Elizabeth* deal.

But Neifeld's major plan rapidly went awry. The Securities and Exchange Commission was in no hurry to approve the stock offering by Queen, Ltd. The poor old *Elizabeth* was swallowing up close to $170,000 a month in maintenance, and creditors were getting edgy. When they began threatening liens, the Millers and Neifeld decided to jump ship.

In May this year Queen, Ltd. declared voluntary bankruptcy. Its debts totaled $12 million, including the $5 million owed Utilities Leasing and another $5 million still owed Cunard, whose upper lip should have been wilting by now despite assertions by Board Chairman Sir Basil Smallpeice that the whole show was "small beer" in the company's affairs.

Philadelphian David Neifeld helped to devise the take-over of the *Elizabeth* by The Queen, Ltd. His plan to use the ship and land lease to float a $13 million stock issue failed.

Until the auction is over it is impossible to say just who has lost how much. The Millers and Neifeld seem to be in the clear as usual, while the position of south Florida creditors and the Utilities Leasing investors looks a bit bleak. The *Elizabeth*'s final ignominy is also unpredictable. There are ominous indicators: last year her few remaining crewmen were ordered to remove the tip of one of the ship's two spare propellers. Queen, Ltd. officials had a great idea: melt down the 32-ton manganese-bronze props, mint commemorative coins out of the metal and collect an $8 million profit. The same plan came up in May when the bankrupt Queen, Ltd. told port commissioners that they could pay off creditors this way. Two weeks later, however, the bankruptcy receivers asked for and got permission to *sell* the props outright. The buyer? Charles F. Williard. The price? $20,000.

Today the *Queen Elizabeth* lies laced to the land, floating heavily in the motionless waters of a cutoff near the Intracoastal Waterway, her miles of corridors empty except for ghosts and echoes. If there are no takers at the auction, she will be stripped bit by bit until all that remains is a hulk ready for the breaker's yard. In the last few weeks, rumors have abounded. A south Jersey labor racketeer has recently begun trying to book entertainment acts for a gala party he plans on board the ship next February. There is also a rumor that the ship will serve as an offshore arena next year for a heavyweight championship fight between Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali-Cassius Clay.

One other possibility remains. The steel plates of the *Queen Elizabeth*'s hull are rusting away at a rate estimated at a quarter of an inch a year. Given a few more years of onshore shenanigans, legal or otherwise, who can blame the great lady if she simply sinks in disgust? ■

AUCTIONS AUCTIONS

Notice of Public Auction Sale in the Bankruptcy Arrangement Proceedings of

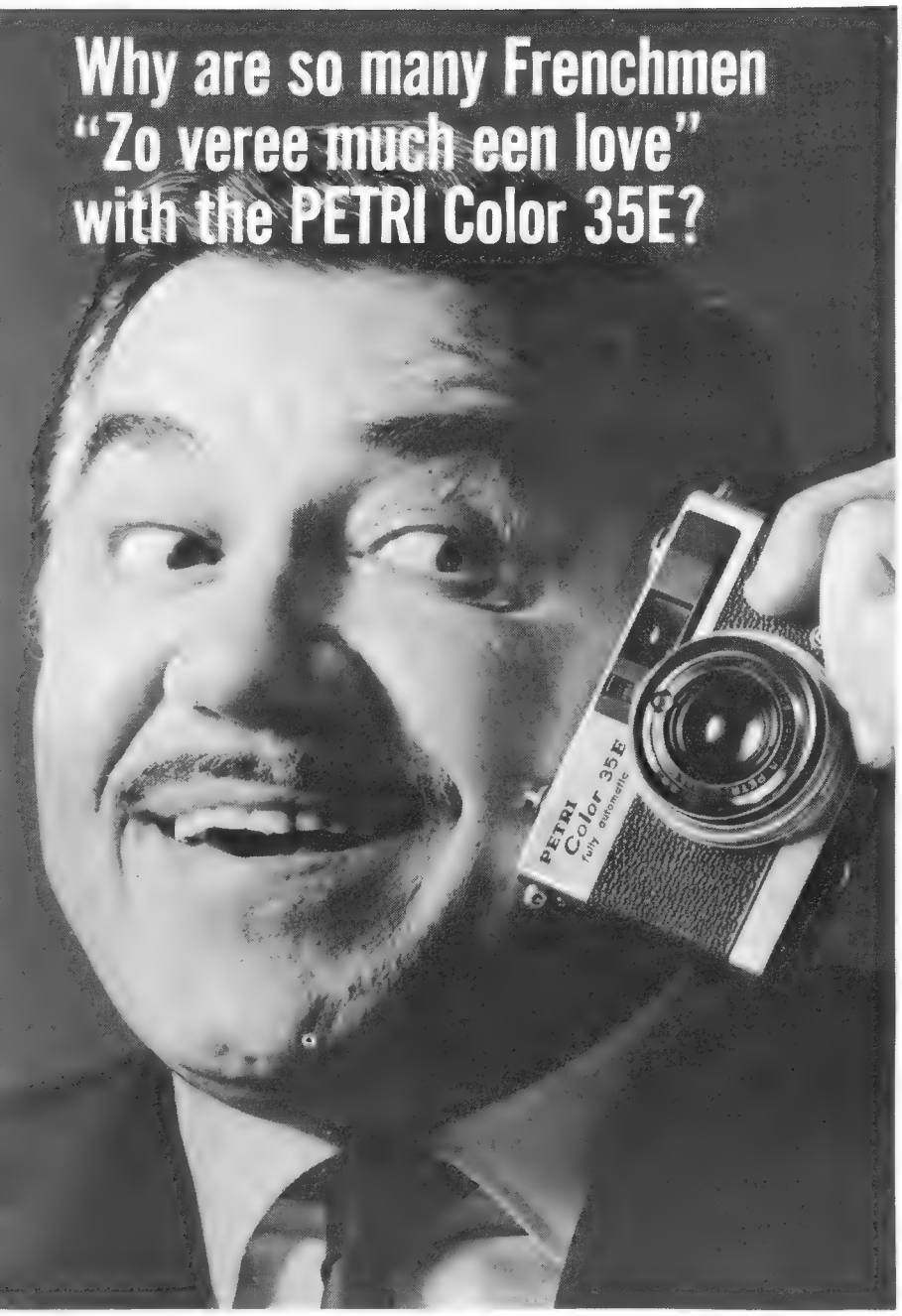
THE QUEEN, LTD., Debtor

BY ORDER OF THE HONORABLE HAROLD K. WOOD
Judge of the Unit District Court
sylvania

Bankruptcy receivers advertised (left) the auction of the *Elizabeth* to satisfy the $12 million debts of her latest owners. If no one wants her, her fittings may be sold off piece by piece and the hulk broken up for scrap.

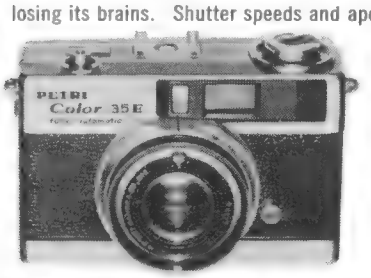
In the good old days the brand-new *Elizabeth* steams along off the Clyde coast.

Why are so many Frenchmen "Zo veree much een love" with the PETRI Color 35E?



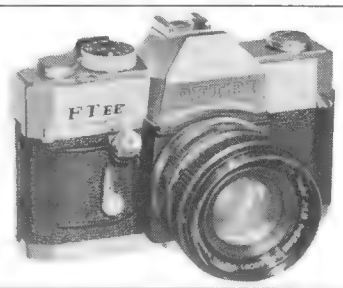
"C'est le Petree fabuleux". The French love it! You'll find the colorful little PETRI Color 35E from Calais to Cannes. It's also a hit in the rest of Europe. And America. And Asia.

What's all the excitement about? For a start, it is one of the world's smallest full-frame cameras. Full-frame. So you can take a great color shot, enlarge it as much as you like, and it will stay beautifully clear. It's also one of the few compact cameras to lose its bulk without losing its brains. Shutter speeds and aperture? Forget them! Because of an automatic cross-coupled CdS exposure meter you only have to press the shutter button. There's also a special 40mm f2.8 lens. A cordless flash contact. A battery checker. And a clever retractable lens barrel, so it slips neatly into your pocket. Weighs just 13-and-a-bit ounces and sports a very attractive price tag.



The little PETRI Color 35E. C'est magnifique!

PETRI *Color* 35 E



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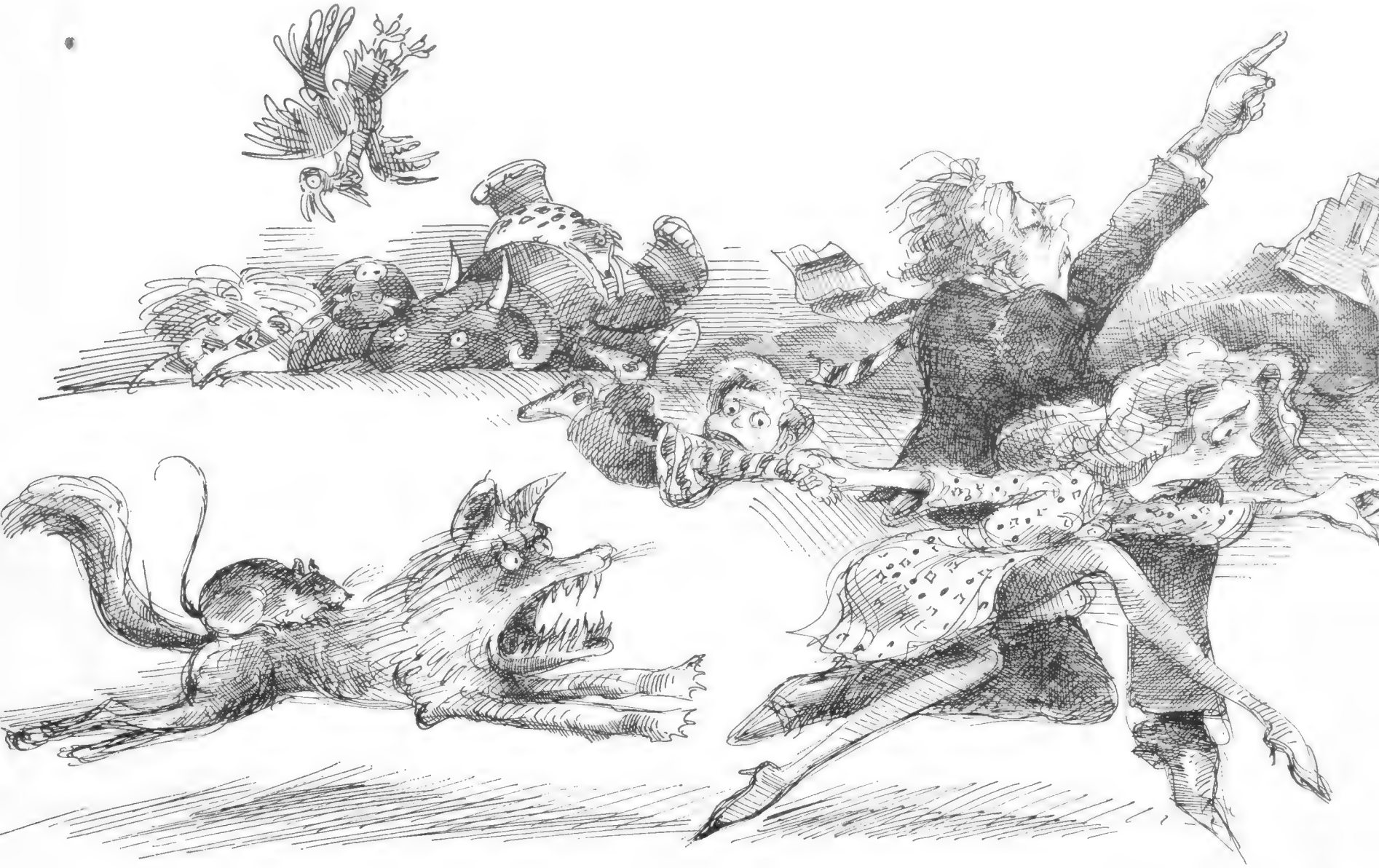
PARTING SHOTS

Apocalyptic visions for our fragile little planet

Scientists cannot be expected to spend much time trying to calm our nerves, but all of a sudden they seem to be going out of their way to scare us. Just over the horizon, we are told, such cataclysms as earthquakes, radiation storms, mass famine and even a new Ice Age lie in wait. And to make matters worse the experts seem bereft of palliatives for these wholesale disasters. "There is *no*, I repeat, *no* conceivable technological solution to the problems we face," says Stanford biologist Paul Erlich. Glance over some of the spectacular visions of apocalypse envisioned by our sober men of science. And don't relax.

The extinction of pleasant species

"If we continue to degrade our land by dumping nutrients in the wrong places," says ecologist George M. Woodwell of the Brookhaven Laboratories in Upton, N.Y., "we will eventually kill off all species of fish, fowl, birds and animals that we like, while the species that we don't like will survive. Eagles, pine trees and trout will disappear." As though all this were not bad enough, Dr. Woodwell adds that the most noxious living forms will not only survive but actually will flourish. "We will be left with crabgrass, rats, crows and inedible fish," he says.



Cataclysmic quakes in California

Professor Peter Franken of the University of Michigan, an expert on seismological disturbances, foresees a major quake in California within the next 20 years and adds that no one in the field would be surprised if one hit tomorrow. "Any seismologist will, in fact, be surprised if one does not occur in the next 10 years," he says. "And the impact would be large. Fatalities would number several tens of thousands. These are the prompt, immediate fatalities. The injured and the later fatalities would number in the hundreds of thousands."

The deluge updated —or a new Ice Age

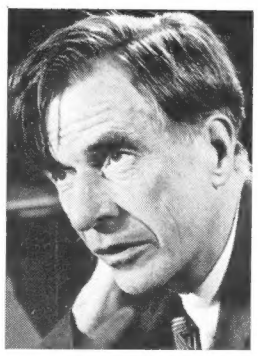
Doomsday comes in two temperatures: hot and cold, depending upon which forecaster you believe. Climatologist J. Murray Mitchell (top right) notes that the world's temperature has fallen one third of a degree centigrade in the last 20 years. At this rate another Ice Age will arrive in 240 years. But that's not all. Physicist Keith L. McDonald (bottom right) predicts that solar radiation storms will begin blasting the earth in about 2,000 years. Other scientists see sunlight being trapped within the earth's atmosphere by an excess of carbon dioxide. This "greenhouse effect" would melt the polar icecaps and flood coastal cities.

Famine—the grisly end to overpopulation

"The most dreadful thing of all," says scientist and novelist C. P. Snow, "is that many millions of people in the poor countries are going to starve to death before our eyes. We shall see them doing so upon our television sets." Barring major agricultural reform and worldwide population control, says Lord Snow, "the major catastrophe will happen before the end of the century. We in the rich countries shall be surrounded by a sea of famine involving hundreds of millions of human beings."

A sweeping stock market crash

Of course there will be another stock market crash, says the celebrated economist John Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard. The only thing he is unsure about is just when it will happen. As soon as the memories of the 1929 crash grow dim, he believes, a new one will descend upon us. As for the current market recession, the six-foot-eight-inch scholar-diplomat takes a gloomy view. "This is a very serious flop, and some of the worst features are yet to come."



A cautionary word to the prophets (but don't get your hopes up)

Finally, a faint note of optimism from Professor Philip Hauser, who feels that even though plenty of things are going to go wrong, prophecies of disaster are premature. "There are an awful lot of people who will survive the 1970s," says the University of Chicago sociologist, "and then conclude that all this is buncombe." This would be a pity, because we must attempt to deal with the problems we face. Hauser has a gloomy forecast for the doom-sayers themselves. When they are proved wrong, he fears, people will not take them seriously anymore. And for a scientist this might be almost as depressing as doomsday itself.

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